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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

EPOCHS.

The whole of human life seems to be marked off by epochs. There is always a time to be reached, an event for whose accomplishment the mind is earnestly wishing. The child is ever imagining that mysterious period, when from the youth with youthful joys and cares, he becomes the new creature, man. That epoch is in the far future to the child, and before it comes, many other periods, marked by greater or less change, are to be passed. To the aproned pupil of the mistress, the day of entering the man's school is all in all. The day comes, the school is entered, and the gratified scholar walks abroad, swelling with joy and pride. But a few days slip by, and the important era is an era no longer, and the child soon used to the new routine, is now fixing his eye on another era, just perceptible in the dim distance. The classical school, the cottage or the store, begins to haunt his imagination, and soon again the momentous day of change has come, and the destined professional man or the merchant has written his first letter of exultation to his gratified mother. And at length the youth has attained that great era, manhood, which, though displeased for a while, by some other less important eras, ever returns to assert its claim. The boy is a man; and he looks back on those many epochs once so momentous, and they have all fallen into the dead level of the past, no one standing out in its primitive, exclusive greatness. He wonders now how he has become a man, and he wonders too where that mysterious change is, by which youth with its tastes and pleasures was to have surrendered itself suddenly into manhood. He wonders to find that he still clings to youthful associations and feelings, that he still greets his companion with the familiar William, Henry or John, and he is almost ready to believe that a mistake has been made, that the record in the Family Bible is wrong, that time has not been thus hurrying on, and that he is still a boy, when he is startled back into his manhood by the respectful Sir, with which some child salutes him.

To the man's imagination there are eras ever present to draw him on from stage to stage of life, by fastening his eye on some distant goal, till at length he is awakened into reflection, by finding himself tottering a gray headed, old man into the grave. Then he looks back on the great eras which marked off his life, and he sees only the past. The eras are no longer eras to him. What now is the great day of admission into college, or of departure from it, what now is the first plea, or the first sermon, or the first medical case, or the day in which first his name was numbered among the merchants, the princes of the earth? A long list of cases of successful or unsuccessful experiment, a long series of profitable or useless sermons, a long array of mercantile operations, prosperous or adverse, are all that meet his retrospective glance. In a word, a life, not a succession of eras, is behind him.

The outward changes of condition are not all that mark the eras of life. The soul has its epochs as well as the body and mind. While the physical and intellectual powers are coming to maturity, the spirit is also going through its changes. The trifling, careless child begins to wonder if he shall ever become the serious Christian. As he sees his parents or his older brothers and sisters going to the communion table, he longs for the time when he can sit and eat and drink with them. The events of life soon begin to solemnize his feelings. Sickness, death, ill success, or on the other hand, health, the continuance of friends, prosperity, turn his thoughts to Him, by whom all events are arranged. His mourning or his rejoicing lead him in submission or in gratitude to the Savior. A change comes over him, and after weeks or months of self-examination, he offers himself as a member of Christ's church. While partaking of the consecrated elements for the first time, he overflows with love, and his excited soul can almost reach into Heaven. While his heart burns, he fears no falling away from Jesus for he is assured that now he has received a divine strength, which will carry him triumphantly through all dangers. This is an era he thinks never to be forgotten. But months roll on, temptations still hover around, vanity and selfishness are still craving. The young Christian if faithful ever advances, but not uninterruptedly. He partakes of the holy bread and wine month after month, at times with such a glow of gratitude and devotion, that Heaven itself opens, and he sees his Savior and Peter and John, and all the departed good around his and their Father. At other times he is almost indifferent. Thus to him in looking back on his life, that first partaking is no longer an era; he sees only a series of celebrations, which, if he have united in them, with proper spirit, have aided him much, very much on his Christian cause.

There are eras of another kind which are not anticipated, but which are looked back upon long and frequently, those marked by the death of friends. These are not so common but that the mind will long recur to them. Some never lose their character as eras, from which we have received an impulse towards Heaven. But even the death of friends may lose its prominence, and may in time mingle with the other events which make up the life.

Are there then no events which will always stand out prominent through life? There will always be sins enough to take a dreary prominence. But will there be no good deeds or events to tower above the surrounding level, to catch and fix the eye of memory? Will not some act of kindness ever remain to meet our glance? If we do only one act of kindness, it may, but if our life be a series of good deeds, we shall have none of these particular eras to look to. But let us remember that separate acts give the general coloring, that if we have not marked eras to look to, we may have a whole life of virtue for an era, on which through the good grace of God, the eye of memory may ever rest with satisfaction. H. H. J.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

ESSENTIAL MATTERS, PLAIN MATTERS.

'As to the mysteries of the Christian religion, it is neither your concern nor mine to explain them; for if they are mysterious they cannot be explained. But our time may be properly employed in inquiring, whether there are so many mysteries in Christianity as the Deists say there are. Many doctrines have been imposed on the Christian world as doctrines of the Gospel, which have no foundation whatever in Scripture. Instead of defending these doctrines, it is the duty of a real disciple of Jesus Christ to reprobate them as gangrenous excrescences, corrupting the fair form of genuine Christianity.

That Jesus Christ lived, died, rose from the dead—and ascended into heaven, are facts established by better historical testimony, than that Alexander fought Darius—conquered Persia, and passed into India. But in the resurrection of Christ all our hopes as men—and our obligations as Christians, are founded. And if we have as great or greater reason to believe that fact, than we have to believe almost any fact recorded in history, we shall act irrationally, and in a matter of such high concern, foolishly and culpably, if we withhold our assent to it, and, if we do assent to it, our duty is obvious.'

The above remarks are from *Watson* the late *Bishop of Landaff*. They seem to me, well adapted to direct the minds of Christians to an important duty. If much of the indifference and opposition, which is manifested towards the Gospel—is directed not against genuine Christianity; but against errors and abuses connected with it; then should *all Christians* unite their prayers and efforts, that the Gospel may have *free* course, and be glorified. N. W.

Translated for the Register and Observer.

GERMAN PARABLES.

5. *Nehemiah and Elimah.*

At the time of the captivity of Judah. Nehemiah, the son of Hackaliah, lived at the court of the King of Persia, at Susa the chief city of the state. And one day Nehemiah spoke with Elimah, the King's chamberlain, about the worship of God and the laws of Israel. But Elimah worshipped the Sun after the Persian custom.

And Elimah said to Nehemiah, Our worship is better than forms, for we see our God with our eyes.

But Nehemiah answered and said, Think you that your body is better than your soul; and the King's sceptre and sword nobler than his mercy and justice?

Elimah was silent.

Again Elimah addressed Nehemiah and said, Our God is near us: but who can touch yours?

Then Nehemiah answered: Can you grasp your God and touch him with your hands?

What fool, said Elimah, would make so bold an attempt and desire to reach heaven with his arms?

And Nehemiah answered and said, What you can not presume to do with your visible God,—cannot we do that with Him the Invisible, who hath made Heaven and Earth and the Sea, and all things therein?

Then Elimah was silent.

Another time Elimah said to Nehemiah, Who can conceive how your God, as you say, cares for each individual and thinks of every living thing?

But Nehemiah answered and said, Does your sun-god, when you worship, send down from on high, his ray upon every seed-corn, that it may swell: upon every blade that it may grow green; and upon every ear that it may ripen? Then Elimah was silent. But Nehemiah continued and said, Elimah my brother, lift up thine heart from the creature to the creator; from the Light to the source of Light. Then shalt thou see the sun as the master work of his hand and an image of his omnipotence; and praying to Him in humility shalt feel thyself greater than the sun. For thou art a child of the Living God, and mayest call Him Father. The sun cannot.

Elimah was silent, and went and became a believer.

After some time Nehemiah asked Elimah his friend, What do you think now of the Sun, which you worship? Elimah answered and said, since I know Him himself, the sun seems only a fountain by the way side.

6. *The Parsee, the Jew and the Christian.*

A Jew went into a Parsee temple and looked on the holy fire. He said to the Priest, What, do you worship the fire? Not the fire, said the Priest; it is to us but a symbol of the Sun, and of its warming light. Thereupon the Jew asked, Do you honor the Sun as your God? Do you not know that this also is a creature of the Almighty? We know it, replied the Priest; but the sensual man needs a sensible sign to help him comprehend the Supreme. And is not the Sun the image of the invisible, incomprehensible light, which preserves and blesses All?

Then the Jew answered, Does your people discriminate between the symbol and the thing symbolled? They call the sun their God, and sinking from this to an image still lower, they kneel before the earthly flame. You charm their outward and blind their inward eye: and while you give them the earthly light, you take from them the heavenly. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any image, nor any likeness.

How do you designate the Supreme Being, said the Parsee? The Jew answered, We call him Jehovah Adonai, The Lord who is, was and shall be.

Your word is great and noble, said the Parsee, but it is terrible.

Then a Christian stood up and said, we call Him Abba, Father.

The Jew and the Heathen looked upon one another with admiration and said, Your word is the dearest and the loftiest. But who gives you the mind to call the Eternal by this name?

Who, said the Christian, but the Father himself! Then he told them both of the mystery of the revelation of the Father and the Son, and the word of reconciliation.

And when they heard it, they became believers, and looked up to Heaven full of heart and soul, and said, Father, dear Father. And then they joined hands, all three and called themselves brothers.

7. *The Magnetic Needle.*

A company of learned men built a ship and resolved to make a voyage, in order to find out the wonderful nature and the essence of the magnetic needle. When the ship was finished they embarked with a great quantity of books and all sorts of implements. They placed the needle in the midst of them and began their investigations. So they sailed hither and thither and observed the needle, and each one of them had his own opinion about the great power which moved the needle.

Some called this great power a Stream, other a Breath, another a Spirit, some maintained it was moved from mid-day to mid-night, but others from mid-night to mid-day. A violent discussion arose upon this point among these learned men. And they sailed hither and thither on the sea; and quarrelled with one another.

But of a sudden they felt a violent shock, with a loud cracking, for the little ship had fallen upon the rocks, and was pierced through, and the water rushed in with violence. Then the learned men, altogether, set up a great cry and fell into confusion. They left the needle, leapt out of the ship, and were saved on a rock. But the ship sunk in the waves.

As they sat them on the bare rock, dripping with salt water, they said to one another, *The magnetic needle is not to be trusted.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE WRECK OF THE PULASKI.

BY MRS JANE E. LOCKE.

A wail is on the sea,
And swells along the surge,
Wild measures meet in agony,
A melancholy dirge!

Manhood's strong voice is there,
And woman's feebler tone,
Childhood and blessed infancy,
Join in the hollow moan!

On the deep midnight borne,
No voice returns the beck;
No aid nor succor are there—none—
Mid ocean's might—a wreck!

What! will the heaving waves,
Nor birth nor beauty spare?
Titles and honors buy them not,
Gold hath no bribery there!

Bright youth and honored age,
The widow and the bride;
And they of noblest heritage,
The same dark fate betide.

It boots not whither bound,
Or what their errand be:
The bridal or the laurel wreath,
Heeds not the raging sea.

The mother clasps her boy,
In agonizing throe;
And they, the father's pride and joy,
Thus sink to depths below.

The nursling from its dreams,
Wakes, but to sleep again—
The long, the quiet, dreamless sleep,
Unbroke by tears or pain.

But hark! a hallowed tone
Ascends the midnight breeze;
And firmer accents borne by faith,
Break o'er the boding seas.

The husband, wife and child,
In one fond clasp are bound;
Commitment thus to God they make,
Then close the waves around!

Even there a peaceful death—
And better thus depart,
Than live on earth in orphanage,
Or widowhood of heart.

Mid ocean's caves they rest,
Where sea gems sparkle bright,
The love of earth and love of heaven,
Their only burial rite.

How many were the hopes,
Thus given there to the sea!
How many a hall and cottage light
Quenched in deep agony.

But He who rules the waves,
And rides upon the wind,
Who works mysteriously his will,
The stricken heart can bind.

NEGLECT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP IN BRITAIN.

In Glasgow, no less than 80,000 persons were not church goers, nor who in fact, went to any place of religious worship. There were 50,000 of the same description in Edinburgh, and at least half a million in London—and there were untold myriads in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Let any private inquirer go forth in town or country—in places similarly conditioned as those mentioned, and inhabited by men who subsisted by handicraft and labor, and he would often find that where, at least, half the population should be found every Sunday in the house of God, not one fourth were to be found there—more often not one-sixth, or even one-seventh, or even one-tenth; that is to say, either in the parish church or in any other house of worship. In places where the population had been doubled, or had accumulated still more, no corresponding increase of places of worship. It would invariably be found, that whereas on the principle of free trade, there was a corresponding increase of shops for the supply of food and raiment, but the churches, chapels, and schools for learning fell short. The dealers in those things necessary to life, kept pace with the population, but the dealers in those things necessary to godliness fell very far short, bearing a proportion to the population of not more than one fifth, sometimes one tenth, and not unfrequently one-twentieth, when the people were left to themselves. The dealers accommodated themselves to the tastes and wants of their customers, and true it was that to the single operation of free trade might safely be left the supply of the physical wants of human nature; let a bazaar be opened for the supply of those things demanded by the ever-recurring calls of hunger, and multitudes would flock to it, with money in their hands, to satisfy the eager dealer; but let a church be established, let its bell on each returning Sabbath toll invitingly, and it would fail to attract more than a mere handful, and, more especially if the market price for the accommodation were required at their hands. Multitudes in its vicinity would hear the chanting of the psalms within its walls, but they would not be awakened from their apathy. Because of these things there were hundreds of thousands, nay millions, in our land, left to die in sin.—*Chalmers.*

[From the Sunday School Journal.]

INFANT-SCHOOL IN CHINA.

Extract of a letter from Mrs Gutzlaff to a lady of Philadelphia.

Macao, October 4th, 1837.

Most truly do I thank you for your two invaluable books for my four little blind girls. these few days past many lessons have been read with extreme pleasure out of them. Mary can already read two passages, beginning from the alphabet. Ever shall I remain your debtor for thinking of these distant children; they are really interesting. Their progress is rapid in Chinese; and in English it is most pleasing. The eldest of my blind girls may be five or six years old; the rest are nearly the same age, except Fanny who may be three. My blind children are my delight. The infant-school plans I shall keep with great care, until you enhance the gift by sending me an infant-school teacher. That would be a gift indeed. We do not want a grown person, but would prefer that you should have a promising poor girl, say an orphan with a fine voice, learn the system for about six or twelve months, attending solely to the acquiring of the system. One, or even two orphan children, from seven and eight, to ten, not older would be my wish; they could with permission become future teachers. I do not so much covet young ladies coming as young children; the latter would much more help me. This climate agrees with children, both European and American; the cold weather suits their constitutions. Will you, kind friend to these friendless children, exert your interest to meet my wishes? If I am permitted, surely they shall receive a good education, with the principles you would yourself instil.

Besides my little blind girls, I have two other Chinese girls. Acquie is your correspondent; she is a promising child, but she will soon leave me, to have her feet tied up, and to be shut up until she is married. Perhaps some seventy girls have come and gone in these two years, and but two remain. This has induced me to secure my blind girls legally.

We have thirteen boys; all reside in the house. They attend to their Chinese daily about four hours, and I am in school about three or four. Affoo and Awken are also your correspondents; the former has been here two years; the latter, a little boy of eight, has been nearly that time; their letters, are entirely their own, the first time writing. I never correct or tell them at all. I hope you will kindly condescend to send each of them a line or two in answer; they like much to have their letters answered. How do I prize the books for the blind—they are a treasure indeed.

Mr Gutzlaff bids me to add with affectionate regard, that he has sent the Testament to the emperor of China; that you have enclosed for Framgee Pestongee shall be forwarded the first opportunity.

Pray do send me an infant school teacher; an adult if you please, but it is one of the dear children that I covet. I much wish for a teacher; not having a singing voice myself, I can do nothing toward infant teaching till you help me. *Do not delay.* I love the plan as you do, but cannot pursue it until you send teachers: one must be a little girl—this is my earnest wish.

I trust for the time, my blind girls improve; we endeavor to impart mental instruction, and they do retain all that is said. They have no eyes to make their thoughts wander. With best respects to Mr P——, I remain, your obliged friend. M. GUTZLAFF.

MR FURNESS'S DISCOURSE.

Extracts from Mr Furness's discourse delivered in Philadelphia after the destruction of Pennsylvania Hall.

It is melancholy and discouraging to observe how very vague and imperfect, in this boasted nineteenth century, men's notions are of freedom of thought, and of speech. In every age, in almost every year since the reformation, the world has resounded with eloquent appeals in behalf of civil and religious liberty. The doctrine of mental freedom has been powerfully set forth in words, if that were all. But it has almost always turned out at last, that the zealous advocates of freedom of mind, have contended not for the sake of the great principles of liberty in all their length and breadth, but in order to secure a hearing for themselves for their own private opinions; and when this end has been accomplished, their ardor in the cause of freedom has vanished, and they have been as willing as their predecessors to impose restrictions upon thought and speech. They have sought freedom not for the mind itself, not as the inherent and inalienable right of the mind, but only for their own private convictions. So often has this been the case, that now a-days, whenever an individual pleads for liberty, for the right of free discussion, it is instantly inferred that he is the partizan of certain obnoxious sentiments; that he speaks to subserve the particular interests of some sect or party, otherwise he would not be so zealous in the cause of human rights, and every thing like a pure love of liberty, for liberty's sake, apart from the promotion of any peculiar opinions, is so very rare. I am aware that you will suppose, now, that I am speaking in especial behalf of those whose doctrines and measures have occasioned this disgraceful and most alarming act of violence. But, if I know myself, this is not my present purpose. Whether the Abolitionists are right or wrong, is, comparatively speaking, a small question now. Your dearest liberties, the security of your property and your lives, and, above all, your sacred rights as the intelligent and accountable creatures of God, whose privilege and whose duty it is to think and speak each for himself, upon his own sure and incommunicable responsibility; these have been struck at and violated in their persons, and it is in behalf of these, our common liberties, that I would now speak. To the general insensibility to this gross violation, I would awaken your most earnest attention.

I know what plea is urged in justification of this insensibility. It is said that the individuals who assembled in that Hall, had defied public opinion, and outraged public feeling by their language and their measures. Let it be granted for a moment that they had done so, that a fair case existed for the strong expression of the public disapprobation. Only the more urgent was the necessity that the offended sense of the community should be vindicated in no violent or irregular way. If the feeling which kindled that conflagration was right, the more important was it that it should be rightly expressed. If, because the impulse from which the populace acted, was true and justifiable, you justify also the acts to which that impulse prompted, you embolden the people to take the law into their own hands in other and more questionable cases. You give currency and sanction to the idea, not only that they are to decide as they may and must, what is to be permitted and what forbidden, but that the process by which error and falsehood are to be suppressed is also a matter for their extemporaneous decision. Let it be admitted that the end they have accomplished was good, and in consideration of that, that the method was also right, you instantly make them your lawgivers and magistrates, and they will be swift and terrible to discharge the office to which you have virtually appointed them. A government of laws, wisely framed, and extensively promulgated, and regularly administered, is in fact disclaimed. It becomes obsolete, and instead thereof, we have the popular will erected into a supreme and summary tribunal, and what a fearful form of society have we then? It is no form of society at all, but a chaos. The popular mind must be educated up to a point far beyond what the world has yet witnessed, it must be baptized into the spirit of justice and virtue, before it will cease to be liable to the grossest mistakes and delusions, to the most rash and bloody minded impulses, hurrying it away to outrages which the next moment it will deplore and weep over in vain.

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It seems to be thought by some, that these cruel and ruthless outbursts of popular feeling are justifiable, inasmuch as extravagant, fanatical and disorganizing sentiments ought to be put down at once, and they can be put down in no other way. Christianity abhors the thought. Her doctrine is, 'Resist not evil with evil; but overcome evil with good;' and the doctrine is founded in the nature of things; force never was, it never can be, an argument, against opinion. To seek to frighten and silence a man, is to take the surest way to increase his confidence in the correctness of his convictions; for it convinces him that you have nothing in reason that you can advance against them. Besides, extremes invariably produce extremes. When instead of replying to a man's arguments, you put a torch to his house, or threaten his person with violence, you awaken in him a keen sense of injustice; and this inflames his mind, and its action is likely to become heated and diseased; and since he can repay his scorn of you in no other way, he repays your violent and unguarded expressions of his opinions. You awaken in him a spirit which you may break, but it will not bend. You do your best to drive it into all sorts of extravagance.

If he is right, and he feels that he is right, you are taking the surest method to inspire him with a superhuman, divine strength. As you wound his body, and annoy his outward condition, you animate the soul that is in him; and from the injustice and oppression around him, he turns to the great and good of the past, and associates himself in imagination with them, and joins himself with the noble company of the apostles and martyrs. From the violence of the world, he appeals to the justice of heaven, and justly accounts his sufferings as the appointments of God, whereby God is to be served and glorified; and you find at last that you have aroused the holiest and mightiest feelings of the soul; that when you thought to silence and crush and annihilate, you have kindled an unquenchable flame, that cannot fail to spread and catch; so close and strong are the ties that bind man to man. Hence has arisen the proverb, 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' And hence too appears the glaring absurdity of thinking to suppress obnoxious opinions by violence. The persecuted, if they have the feelings, the spirit of men, have all that spirit awakened in them by persecution, and their sufferings, their privations and their blood, speak trumpet-tongued to the hearts of others, and muster around them a host of defenders and friends.

Even if their opinions are erroneous and wild, the brute force with which they are met, only tends, as I have said, to exasperate and drive them into still greater extravagances. It is not to be doubted, that the means which have been taken to suppress thought have tended directly and powerfully to produce the most monstrous errors. Intimidate, denounce, and persecute, and in a mere spirit of defiance men will persist in thinking for themselves, and strive to irritate and shock you by the boldness of their thoughts. You will only provoke them to embrace and advance error in mere scorn of your efforts to silence them. There is in the heart a consciousness of its own inborn freedom, which can never be annihilated; (blessed be God that it cannot!) and which, if not freely tolerated, will break forth in the wildest strains. It is in vain for us to shut our eyes to these facts in the human constitution, to which all history bears witness. 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of God hath given him understanding;' and he can never wholly cease to feel its sacredness, and its rights; and certainly one way to make him feel them the most deeply is to deny him the liberty of thought. The torch with which you menace him, awakens him from the sleep of the soul, and shines into the depths of his own nature; and he is aroused to a sense of his own power as a moral and intellectual being. Men, who never thought before, will begin to exercise the divine right the instant you begin to question it; and the more violent you are, the more earnest and vehement will they become. They will start the most extravagant conclusions sooner than they will permit it to be doubted whether they have a right to think at all.

On the other hand, acknowledge freely and fully the freedom of the mind, and the right of every one to form and express his own serious opinions. Let the least and lowest be fully protected in the exercise of this right, and you will take away one main inducement to extravagance and fanaticism. Then there will be no laurels to be gained, no reputation for courage and boldness to be won, in the formation and expression of opinions, when it is insisted that every man may, and every man *ought* to think for himself; that he does no more than his simple, inevitable duty, when he avows his own honest convictions, no matter how much they vary from those of others. Then men will think, not for the sake of defying your opposition, and braving the authority you usurp over them, but for the sake of truth, to discover and know what is true and right in opinion and conduct. In a word, it is the attempts that have been made to impede the action of the mind, to throw restrictions and discouragements in the way of its growth, that have formed it out into numberless and unseemly excesses. On the contrary, take off all chains, seek not to use intimidation and force, let it be encircled by the atmosphere and the light of freedom, and it will grow up in truth and strength.

I pray you, my hearers, give heed to these things, and let them not be mere speculations, but the lights that guide and regulate us in our speech, our judgments, and our conduct. Frown upon the slightest disposition to fetter the freedom of the mind, for in that is our life and our salvation. No matter how opposite to your's another man's opinion may be, if it be attempted to put him to silence by fear and force, make his case your own instantly, I beseech you, and feel that your dearest right may be violated in him. As you believe him to be in error, as you desire his conversion, treat him with all possible fairness. Reverence the sacredness of your own freedom in him; and do not by violence, drive him still farther into error, and render his return hopeless. We, of this land, are placed in new and unprecedented circumstances. We stand in a peculiar and direct relation to the public weal. Every man here is a component part of the public power, and we have a social duty to perform that we cannot throw off. Every thing depends upon universal education, upon every man's studying, understanding, and obeying the great principles of human liberty, upon which the general welfare rests. Is it your *right?* Nay, it is your imperative, solemn *duty* to judge and decide for yourselves on all questions of public interest. Neglect this duty, and you put in peril the prospects of your children, and the liberties of the country, and the best hopes of the world are betrayed: Or if we will not think for ourselves, let us at least not hinder others in the discharge of this great obligation.

MOHAMMEDAN ARTICLES OF BELIEF.

1. Belief in God, who is without beginning or end, the sole Creator and Lord of the universe, having absolute power, and knowledge, and glory and perfection.

2. Belief in his Angels, who are impeccable beings, created of light; and Genii (Jinn,) who are peccable, created of smokeless fire. The Devils, whose chief is Iblees, or Satan, are evil Genii.

3. Belief in his Scriptures, which are his uncreated word, revealed to his prophets. Of these there now exist, but held to be greatly corrupted, the Pentateuch of Moses, the Psalms of David and the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and, in an uncorrupted and incorruptible state, the Koran, which is held to have abrogated, and to surpass in excellence, all preceding revelations.

4. Belief in his Prophets and Apostles; the most distinguished of whom are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed. Jesus is held to be more excellent than any of those who preceded him; to have been born of a virgin, and to be the Messiah, and the word of God, and a spirit proceeding from Him, and not partaking of his essence, and not to be called the Son of God. Mohammed is held to be more excellent than all; the last and greatest of prophets and apostles; the most excellent of the creatures of God.

5. Belief in the general resurrection and judgment, and in future rewards and punishments, chiefly of a coporeal nature: that the punishment will be eternal to all but wicked Mohammedans; and that none but Mohammedans will enter into a state of happiness.

6. Belief in God's predestination of all events, both good and evil.

ARABIAN ESTIMATE OF THE FEMALE SEX.

The wickedness of woman is a subject upon which the stronger sex among the Arabs with

an affected feeling of superior virtue, often dwell in common conversation. That women are deficient in judgment or good sense, is held as a fact not to be disputed even by themselves, as it rests on an assertion of the Prophet; but that they possess a superior degree of cunning, is pronounced equally certain and notorious. The general depravity is pronounced to be much greater than that of men. 'I stood,' said the Prophet, 'at the gate of Paradise; and lo, most of its inmates were the poor! and I stood at the gate of Hell; and lo, most of its inmates were women!' In allusion to women, the Khaleefeh 'Omar said, 'Consult them, and do the contrary of what they advise.' But this is not to be done merely for the sake of opposing them, or when other advice can be had. 'It is desirable for a man,' says a learned Iman, 'before he enters on any important undertaking, to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends; or, if he have not more than five such friends, let him consult each of them twice; or, if he have not more than one friend, he should consult him ten times, at ten different visits; if he have not one to consult, let him return to his wife, and consult her; and whatsoever she advises him to do, let him do the contrary; so shall he proceed rightly in his affair, and attain his object.' A truly virtuous wife is of course, excepted in this rule; such a person is as much respected by Moslems as she is (at least according to their own account) rarely met with by them. When woman was created, the Devil we are told, was delighted, and said, 'Thou art half my host; and thou art the depository of my secret; and thou art my arrow, with which I shoot and miss not.'

The Mohammedans, it seems, acknowledge two kinds of destiny—one general, or as it were in the nature of things, and unalterable; the other peculiar, and capable of being changed, God willing, by prayer. And in some cases their conduct seems to show that they consider a particular result capable of being influenced by human means.

The Arabs in general constantly have recourse both to charms and medicines, not only for cures, but also for the prevention of diseases. They indeed have a strange passion for medicine, which shows that they do not consider fate as altogether unconditional. Nothing can exceed the earnestness with which they often press a European traveller for a dose; and the more violent the remedy, the better are they pleased. The following case will serve as an example. Three donkey-drivers, conveying the luggage of two British travellers from Bootak to Cairo, opened a bottle which they observed in a basket, and finding it contain as they had suspected, brandy, emptied it down their throats; but he who had the last, on turning up the bottle got the tale of a scorpion into his mouth; and looking through the bottle, to his great horror saw it contained a number of these reptiles, with tarantulas, vipers, and beetles. Thinking that they had poisoned themselves, but not liking to rely upon faith, they persuaded a man to come to me for medicine. He introduced the subject to me by saying, 'O, Efendee, do an act of kindness: there are three men poisoned; in your mercy give them medicine, and save their lives;' and then he related the whole affair, without concealing the theft. I replied that they did not deserve medicine; but he urged that by giving it I should obtain an immense reward. 'Yes,' said I, '"he who saveth a soul alive, shall be as if he had saved the lives of all mankind."' I said this to try the feeling of the applicant; who expressing admiration at my knowledge urged me to be quick, lest the men should die; thus showing himself to be no unconditional fatalist. I gave him three strong doses of tartar emetic; and he soon came back to thank me, saying that the medicine was most admirable, for the men had hardly swallowed it when they almost vomited their hearts and livers, and every thing else in their bodies.

From a distrust in fate, some Moslems even shut themselves up during the prevalence of the plague; but this practice is generally condemned. A Syrian friend of mine who did so nearly had his door broken open by his neighbors. Another of my friends, one of the most distinguished of the Ulama, confessed to me his conviction of the lawfulness of quarantine, and urged well in favor of it; but said that he dare not openly avow such an opinion. 'The Apostle of God' said he, 'God favor and preserve him! hath commanded, that we should not enter a city where there is pestilence, nor go out from it. Why did he say, "Enter it not?"—because by so doing, we should expose ourselves to the disease. Why did he say, "Go not out of it?"—because, by so doing, we should carry the disease to others. The Prophet was tenderly considerate of our welfare; but the present Moslems in general are like bulls (brute beasts;) and they hold the meaning of this command to be, go not into a city where there is pestilence, because this would be rashness; and go not out from it, because this would be distrusting God's power to save you from it.'

Many of the vulgar and ignorant among modern Moslems believe that the unchangeable destinies of every man are written upon his head, in what are termed the sutures of the skull.

THE KING AND THE HAWK.

The Persians relate of one of their kings, that being one day on a hunting party, with a hawk upon his hand, a deer started up before him; he let the hawk fly, and started it with great eagerness; till, at length the deer was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chase; the king, thirsty, rode about in quest of water, till having reached the foot of a mountain, he discovered some trickling down in drops from a rock. He took a little cup out of his quiver, and held it to catch the water. Just when the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it up to his mouth, the hawk shook his pinions and overset the cup. The king was vexed at the accident, and again applied the cup to a crevice in the rock. When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clapped his wings and threw it down the second time. The king, enraged flung the bird with such force against the ground, that it expired. At this moment the table-decker came up. The king having a great mind to taste the water that trickled down the rock, but being too impatient to wait till it was again collected by drops, he ordered the table-decker to go to the top of the rock and fill the cup at the fountain head. The table-decker, on reaching the top of the rock, found an immense serpent lying dead, and his poisonous foam mixing with the water that fell over. He descended, related the fact to the king, and presented him with a cup of cold water out of his own flagon. As the king lifted the cup to his lips, the tears gushed from his eyes; he related to the table-decker the adventure of the hawk, and reproached himself deeply for the fatal consequences of his anger and precipitancy. During the remainder of his life, say the Persians in their figurative style, the arrows of regret continually rankled in his breast.

For the Register and Observer.

MORAL CAUSES OF RECENT DISASTERS.

Extract from a Discourse preached in the New-North Church in Boston by the Pastor, July 1st, after the news of the wreck of the Pulaski, from James iv. 15. 'Go to now ye that say, 'To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life?'

I have spoken of some of those calamities appointed us of God; especially of those, by which as in recent affecting examples, he is pleased to teach us that life is but a vapor—and that at our best estate we are but vanity. Under these and all other chastisements of the Almighty, it is alike our duty and our happiness to yield without murmuring to a sovereign pleasure, and to say with Christ Jesus, who was made perfect through suffering—'The cup, which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?'

But not so with the cup of man's mingling. Not so, with the calamities that come to us through the ignorance and folly or presumption of our fellow-men. Rational piety compels us to distinguish here. It teaches us to bow profoundly at the will of God; but not at the madness or the wickedness of men. It shows us, what indeed it were an absurdity to deny, that nothing *can* take place without the divine permission; and that it belongs alike to his sovereign wisdom and paternal love to make even the wrath of man to praise Him, and all things to work together for good. But totally different from all this, are the evils that come to us in natural consequence from the carelessness or the wilfulness of men.

And would to God, that of that awful catastrophe, the tidings of which have not yet ceased sounding in our ears, by which so many precious lives have been sacrificed, so many hearts have been desolated, and whole families, I might say, whole cities plunged in sorrow—would to heaven we could say concerning it, 'It is the Lord: I was dumb because thou didst it.' My heart faints within me, when I think, how much we must ascribe to the presumption of men. I shall not afflict you, my friends by a repetition of the mournful tale. You know—and alas! some of you have had too much cause to know—that families, dear to each other as any of our families to us, husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters; the youthful and the happy; the useful and the enterprising; the wise and the honorable; the very flower and pride of two of our sister cities, and many also from other homes, still nearer to us, beloved, and longed for, have in a moment, in the very midst of life and health and hope, been overwhelmed in a watery grave. 'Have pity, O God, upon the generations of men—for they are carried away as with a flood. We are consumed in thine anger and by thy wrath are we destroyed.'

I stand not here, Christian brethren, in this house of God consecrated to peace, nor on this day, sacred to holy thoughts and to the solace of the afflicted, to add one pang to the already sorrowful or to awaken even a just indignation at the suspected causes of this calamity. Neither, if I know my heart, is it quickened to a keener sense by the reflexion—mournful though it be—that of the victims of that disaster were those allied to my family and holding justly a near place in our regards. No, my brethren I pity all, who have been called to suffer; and I am certain I express but the common feeling—the feeling that at this moment pervades every breast—of horror and grief at the thought of the occasion of this awful ruin. Could indignation avail, ye would do well to be angry. But, no, my friends, a deeper and a worthier feeling becomes us. Already has fearful destruction come upon us. It has been estimated that more than a thousand lives have within a short period been sacrificed. Within this passing year, scarcely a month, I had rather said, scarcely a week has gone over us, without bringing with it some fresh disaster. But what is man! and what a people are we! The tidings come. They occupy for a few hours the general attention. Men enquire concerning it at the corners of the streets, or talk over it in their dwellings. They grieve for a little—and for a little are astonished; and straitway return to the business and cares and pleasures of life, and forget it as though it had never been. Not so with them, who are left to mourn apart and in the secret places over bereaved friendships, over lost hopes, and to say, 'heavy as the sand is my grief. I was at ease: but he hath broken me asunder.'

My friends,—rather in such a connexion I should say—my fellow citizens, it is high time to awake out of this sleep. It is your solemn duty to enquire—'What is the *cause*?' or none of you may tell, what shall be the end of these things. And I appeal to your own reflection, if there be not the utmost reason to fear, that among the causes of these fearful calamities immediate or remote, we must number—first a sordid avarice, seeking out *the cheap* to the rejection of what is solid; neglecting necessary, because, forsooth, expensive precautions; a rash confidence, presuming that what was safe to-day shall be safe to-morrow: a passion for progress not less childish, than it is ruinous, providing even in the very plan and construction of the vessel for speed rather than security; a spirit of competition as mad as it is mischievous, careless of life in its wild and unprincipled gratification: and then—and a most fruitful source of evil—the reposing of trust—where trust should never be reposed—with incompetent and reckless hands, with men that have no prudence, nor vigilance, nor self-control, and whose passions are their masters; and last—and worst of all, Intemperance* that all-comprehensive, that all but omnipotent mischief, confounding all wisdom and making fruitless all caution—these, my Brethren—and such as these have been but too often the guilty causes of these heart-rending accidents.

Nor is it to proprietors or agents or commanders alone that the blame is to be ascribed. Passengers even for pleasure, hastening as for their lives, they scarcely know whither or for what, or intent on some scheme of business, or sudden speculation, that shall lift them out of the dust and set them with princes, will grow impatient of a delay that is wise and urge on by entreaties and even bribes to a haste, that is ruin: countless examples of this childishness and insanity might be adduced.†

Whence is it, fellow-citizens, that in Great Britain and other parts of Europe, in seas also, where navigation is difficult and hazardous, we hear so seldom of these horrors. It is because men are willing to move not with the wings of the wind, or as the lightning, but with the progress appointed to men. It is because the government protects by its laws the lives and the property of the subject; and will not permit men's madness to be their ruin; nor an imaginary individual right to be exercised to the public wrong. It is because they make responsible with life or liberty those, who are entrusted with sacred interests, and punish carelessness and presumption, such as have been the causes of countless evils here, as crimes. And if, my Brethren, the people of this land would talk less of their *rights* and reflect more upon their *duties*; would be more contented at home, leading sober and industrious lives, in all godliness and honesty, in the places in which God has set them; and if the government of this land would be as careful by salutary enactments of the lives as they are to gain the suffrages of the people, there would be less to make us afraid. 'Israel would dwell securely, and there would be to us a quiet habitation.'

My brethren, it is not my practice as ye know—for I freely confess it accords not with my principles—to bring topics of doubtful moment to these temples of God. Questions of political expediency, exciting the public mind whatever may be urged by the earnest reformers of these days of their moral bearings—I am perfectly willing to leave to the occasions and places where they properly belong. For myself I prefer on this holy day to speak of the great things of God's law, and the glorious things of the gospel of peace, and to meet you, my people, in the love of God, and the grace of the Lord Jesus, and the sweet fellowship of an holy spirit. With the course of public justice also whether in its progress or its issue more especially when it is for the terror of the evil doer, and the punishment of the transgressor, I have not deemed it my duty, (nor can I entertain any notions either of civil or religious liberty requiring me) either as a citizen or a religious teacher to interfere.

But when precious lives are in danger, and sacred interests of domestic, social affection exposed; when from the love of money, that fruitful source of evil, and that hastening to be rich, which marks us a people, and in its various and complicated influence pierces with so many sorrows;—when by negligence, hazardous as it is unpardonable, blind as it is audacious; by the want of skill and faithfulness, which may bring with it all the *horrors*, without the *intention* of murder,—when by an insane rivalry which has no earthly object but the gratification of an absurd vanity, and which to its own folly superadds the mischief of exciting by a contagious sympathy the like folly, the like insanity in multitudes, whose lives are perilled by it—when, by these and such like causes human life is sacrified, and the hopes of kindred, families, the nation, and even of mankind are blasted, then does it become every minister and every citizen, as God may give him light and opportunity to speak: and may the same God give you of his own blessing to hear. May the cry go up to his holy place. May we as a people be saved from our sins, that we may be saved from his judgments, lest that may be fulfilled concerning us, which is spoken 'Madness is in their hearts while they live, and after that they go to the dead.' F. P.

*The dreadful wreck of the Roth-say Castle between Liverpool and Dublin a few years since in which more than an hundred perished and among them many precious lives, was occasioned, as was proved upon investigation, by the brutal intemperance of the captain.

† Since writing the above, it has been stated in the public prints that there was a trial of speed only the last week between the Providence Steam-boat Narraganset (of the old line) and the John W. Richmond (of the new) and that the one beat the other by a few minutes. We know nothing of the name of the owners or commanders of these Boats; but if this be true, we join with the Editors of other papers, and warn the community against these Boats as having owners or commanders willing to hazard the lives of passengers committed to them in an absurd and ruinous competition.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SABBATH.

The following interesting anecdote of Queen Victoria, was originally published in the Court Journal. It is probably true; and if so, is highly honorable to her. Indeed, a multitude of pleasant stories are in circulation commendatory to the Queen's moral and religious character.

That she is benevolent, high minded, and sincerely religious, there can be no doubt.

A few days ago there were several evil disposed persons, who did not hesitate to declare that, on her Majesty's recent removal from Windsor, the household were employed the entire of Sunday, *by her Majesty's command*, packing up. There is something very despicable in endeavoring to lower this Royal lady in the esteem of the serious portion of her subjects. We have heard the following anecdote from such good authority that we venture to repeat it, and only request our readers to

——"Look upon this portrait."

And then judge if it be like the other:—

A noble Lord, not particularly remarkable for his observance of holy ordinances, arrived at Windsor, not a month ago, late one Saturday night. "I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection," he said, "some papers of importance, but, as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your Majesty with them to-night—but request your attention to them to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning!" repeated the Queen, "to-morrow is Sunday, my Lord!"—"But business of state, please your Majesty!"—"Must be attended to, I know," replied the Queen: "and as of course you could not come down earlier to-night, I will, if those papers are of such vital importance, attend to them *after we come from church to-morrow morning*."

To church went the Royal party: to church went the Noble Lord—and, much to his surprise, the sermon was on "*the duties of the Sabbath*!"—"How did your Lordship like the sermon?" inquired the young Queen. "Very much, your Majesty," replied the Nobleman, with the best grace he could. "I will not conceal from you," said the Queen, "that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be the better for it." The day passed without a single word "on the subject of the papers of importance"—"which must be gone into at length." His Lordship was—as he always is—graceful and entertaining; and at night, when her Majesty was about to withdraw, "To-morrow morning, my Lord," she said, "at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like—we will go into these papers." His Lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour on her Majesty—"nine would be quite time enough."—"As they are of importance," said the Queen, "as they are of importance, my Lord, I would have attended to them earlier, but at nine be it." And at nine her Majesty was seated ready to receive the Nobleman, who had been taught a lesson on the duties of the Sabbath, it is to be hoped, he will not quickly forget.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I am happy if I have been an instrument in calling the attention of any one to the administration of the Lord's Supper. And however 'illy expressed,' my *remarks* may have been, provided they have accomplished their desired good end, I still have reason to rejoice that their meaning was not misunderstood.

I dislike, however, the spirit in which your correspondent W. C. has attacked them; for it does not seem to savor of that, under whose influence we should enter into the examination of every question. If I thought he was absolutely sure of the truth of his statements concerning the 'crudities and absurdities,' of that article, I should feel bound to submit to his superior judgment and knowledge. But I will not quake under the anathema of any one whom I believe to be of no higher nature than myself. I am unwilling and incompetent to enter into a theological disputation with him, but I cannot believe that *he* has 'mistaken his vocation,' who with sincerity and soberness, states his impressions upon any subject.

It is my heart-f lt desire, that he may receive the arguments and convictions of those who are more experienced than myself (which I hope are forthcoming) with a more liberal and humble mind than he has received the well meant impressions of B.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1838.

WHO ARE TO BLAME FOR THE DISGRACE BROUGHT UPON THE COUNTRY BY UNPRINCIPLED LEGISLATORS?

We answer, they who do not reverence and exercise all their rights and privileges as citizens of this Republic.

The life and security of a free representative government depend upon the comparative number and activity of its right minded constituents. It is not only necessary that the majority of the members of the community should be virtuous and liberal men—but also that the good should every where, and at all times, *come out*; should mingle their influence in all important questions of policy; should give the tone to public opinion, and quietly, through the polls, exercise their full energy in enthroning noble and pure principles in their rightful supremacy over the state.

There is nothing to fear for our country, come what may of peril and emergency—if every worthy and well-disposed man will only be true to his duty, and conscientiously exercise his right and his power in the guidance of affairs. If this were not the truth, there would be no hope or security for the existence of our liberties beyond another year. If this were not a reality, we should never have continued as a people for more than sixty years to be, what is our rejoicing and pride this day. But, if these things be so—is there not but too much cause of reproach and shame to many of our best and wisest men, that they have not sufficiently appreciated their influence, nor used their instrumentality in the conduct of public affairs? Are not they who have refrained from exercising their right of suffrage and refused all action upon greater or lesser questions that agitate the nation, in reality chargeable with many of the evils that have attended the operation of our government; and much of the disgrace which bad Legislators have entailed upon the people? Is it not a vital and dangerous mistake to conclude that any man has the privilege or the right, enjoying as he does, the blessings of a free country, to exempt himself for the burden of maintaining them inviolate and pure? If our noble sires were willing to lay down their lives to secure to the world the rights and immunities of a free representative government, is it not unjust and base in us to declare by our conduct that these rights are not worth the trouble of exercising and defending? If they considered practically, and we hold in theory, that the best hopes of the world hang upon the fidelity and integrity of free individuals, have we any right to refuse our individual assistance in bearing up the hopes of the world?

We confess that to our own mind the duty of exercising all the rights of a citizen, and taking an active part, as one honest and good man in the affairs and representation of the nation, is one of the most imperious and solemn obligations to which our reason and our conscience respond. The politics of our country—the characters and acts of its governors and rulers—what men shall be elected to offices of power and trust—are to our conviction, matters involved with all the most sacred considerations of patriotism, and duty—and we deposite our vote on whatever occasion, as if we were doing any other moral act for which God and posterity would hold us accountable. We know how lightly some account of politics—but we cannot sympathize with them until it can be made clear to us that the questions involved therein—even whether this man or that shall be a Representative, Legislator, or Ruler of the people, are not intimately connected with the honor and dominion of all the great principles of Justice, Liberty and Morality. We cannot sympathize with them until it can be proved to our conscience that we can stand aside and see unprincipled and unholy men elevated to offices of trust and influence in the State—men who in high places lend all their influence to corrupt public opinion, contaminate the morals of our children, and disgrace the country at home and abroad, by their quarrels, excesses, blasphemies, murders—and hold ourself guiltless of the abomination.

Rather, it seems to us, should every member of this Republic cherish and act upon such sentiments as these. The integrity of my country is my own. Its glory is reflected upon my head. Its character is entrusted to my care. Its disgrace stains my escutcheon. Its destiny hangs upon my fidelity. And Liberty herself, and Justice and Morality, under the lovely and venerable image of Patriotism, appeal to me for my influence and my vote.

DEWEY'S NEW VOLUME OF SERMONS.

Rev. Orville Dewey of New York has just published a second volume of sermons, entitled 'Moral Views of Commerce, Society and Politics, in twelve discourses.'

The following are the topics of the several discourses:

On the Moral Laws of Trade; On the Moral Law of Contracts; On the Uses of Labor, and a Passion for a Fortune; On the Moral Limits of Accumulation; On the Natural and Artificial Relations of Society; On the Moral Evils to which American Society is exposed; On Associations; On Social Ambition; On the Place which Education and Religion must have in the Improvement of Society; On War; On Political Morality; The Blessing of Freedom.

Mr Dewey remarks in his preface that the character of some of these discourses will, doubtless, be thought unusual for the pulpit, as their subjects are out of the ordinary course of preaching; but defends himself on the ground that he is fully convinced, not only that such discussions are entirely proper for the sacred desk, but that it is the bounden duty of the pulpit to entertain them.

'What,' he asks, 'is the proper range of the pulpit? What is the appropriate business of preaching? The answer is plain—to address the public mind on its moral and religious duties and dangers. But what are its duties and dangers, and where are they to be found? Are they not to be found wherever men are acting their part in life? Are human responsibility and exposure limited to any one sphere of action—to the church or to the domestic circle—or to the range of the gross and sensual passsions? Are not men daily making shipwreck of their consciences in trade and politics? And wheresoever conscience goes to work out its perilous problem, shall not the preacher follow it? It is not very material, whether a man's integrity forsakes him at the polls in an election, or at the board of merchandise; or at the house of rioting, or the gates whose way leadeth to destruction. Outwardly it may be different, but inwardly it is the same. In either case, the fall of the victim is the most deplorable of all things on earth; and most fit, therefore, for the consideration of the pulpit. I must confess, I cannot understand, by what process of enlightened reasoning and conscience, the preacher can come to the conclusion, that there are wide regions of moral action and peril around him, into which he may not enter, because such unusual words as, Commerce, Society, Politics, are written over the threshold.

Let me not be supposed to forget, that the pulpit has to deal with topics and questions of duty, that go down into the depths of the human heart—with faith, and repentance, and love, and self-denial, and disinterestedness—and that its principal business is thus to make the fountain pure. But religion has an outward form, as well as an inward spirit. That form is the whole lawful action of life. And to cut off half of that action from all public and positive recognition—what is it but to consign it over to irreligion, to *unprincipled license*, and worldly vanity?

There is time enough in the pulpit for all things. Nay, it *wants* variety. It is made dull by the restriction and reiteration of its topics. It would gain strength by a freer and fuller grasp of its proper objects. What it can do, I believe, yet remains to be seen. We complain of the corruptions of fashion and amusement, of business and politics. The calm, considerate, concentrated, universal attention of the pulpit, to these things, would, in one year, I believe, produce a decided and manifest effect.

We entirely assent to the justice and value of the above convictions and reasoning; and are glad that Mr Dewey has endeavored not only to enlighten his own people upon the important subjects, discussed in these discourses, but also to give a wider range to the influence of his opinions by submitting them to the public in the present form.

We have read the discourses with much pleasure. They are written in a plain, nervous and glowing style; well fitted to render his meaning intelligible and impressive. Their tone of sentiment is liberal, noble and truly worthy of an American citizen and divine. While so many of our public men, politicians, writers, and preachers are false to the genius of our free institutions, and to the great principles of liberty, equality, justice and humanity upon which our republican government rests, it is inspiriting to find one and another of the most gifted minds amongst us, lifting up, like Mr Dewey, an earnest and intelligent voice in their commendation and defence. In his noble sermon on the Blessing of Freedom the preacher holds such language as the following:

I thank heaven, that I live in a country of more equal institutions. I do not pretend here to judge of English reforms. Whether they are too rapid or too slow, I am not qualified to decide. But I may, at least, thank heaven, that we do not need them. Perhaps I have a hearer, to whom even these candid allusions to England may not be agreeable. It may not be without some degree of irritation, that he will ask, why I should say any thing in disparagement of England? The most glorious country, he may say, in the world. He may say this, and I shall not refuse to agree with him: but the glory of England is the work of time and position, and of a noble race of men, and not, I trust, of the inequality of her political constitution. Why, then, do I speak as I do, even of the fairest and most modified example of feudal institutions? I will answer. It is because I stand up for justice, as the dearest immunity of a civilized state. It is because I stand up for humanity, as the noblest claim in the world. It is because I contend for a dignity, higher than that of kings and nobles—the dignity of truth. It is, in fine, because I am willing, and I wish to stand on earth as a man—beneath the equal and even canopy of heaven—in presence of the impartial justice and loving-kindness that reign in that heaven—there to discharge my lot, and to work out my welfare as a man. It offends me, to think that I or any other man should be bolstered up with hereditary advantages, or with social or religious immunities, that are denied to mine equals my brethren, in the sight of God. That is my feeling, be it called quixotism, or whatever else any one may call it. I have, in this matter, an unfortunate and strange way of thinking of others, as if they possessed my own nature; and I cannot patiently bear, that the children of one common Father, should be treated with a partiality that would revolt me, if it were introduced among the children of an earthly parentage. It is monstrous in the eye of reason; it is treason to gentle humanity; it is as truly unjust, as if it were the oppression of bonds and burthens; and the time will come, when it will be so regarded. The dignity of the English mind, I am certain, will not always bear it. In the mean time, I say it again, I thank heaven, that I am made no party, either better or worse, to the injustice of such a system.

Again in the same strain he says,

* * * * I would fain have the most generous of principles for once laid at the heart of a great people, and see what it will do. Alas! for humanity—never yet has it been treated with the confidence of simple justice. Never yet has any voice effectually said to man, 'God has made thee to be as happy and as glorious if thou wilt, as thy most envied fellow.' When that voice does address the heart of the multitude, will it not arouse itself to loftier efforts, to nobler sacrifices, to higher aspirations, and more generous virtues than were ever seen to be the offspring of any unequal and ungenerous system that ever man has devised? God grant that the hope may be realized, and the vision accomplished! It were enough to make one say, 'now let me depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!'

Let me not be told, that differences in the form of government are mere matters of speculation; that they have very little to do with our private welfare; that a man may be as happy under one form as another. I think it was on occasion of our Revolution, that Dr Johnson put forth some such oracle as this. But it is not true. It may pass for good nature, or for smooth philosophy, if any one pleases so to call it, but it is not true.

The following striking and beautiful passage forms the peroration of the same discourse.

* * * Yes, let me be free; let me go and come at my own will; let me do business and make journies, without a vexatious police or insolent soldiery, to watch my steps; let me think, and do, and speak, what I please, subject to no limit but that which is set by the common weal; subject to no law but that which conscience binds upon me; and I will bless my country, and love its most rugged rocks and its most barren soil.

I have seen my countrymen, and have been with them a fellow-wanderer, in other lands; and little did I see or feel to warrant the apprehension, sometimes expressed, that foreign travel would weaken our patriotic attachments. One sigh for home—home, arose from all hearts. And why, from palaces and courts—why, from galleries of the arts, where the marble softens into life, and painting sheds an almost living presence of beauty around it—why, from the mountain's awful brow, and the lovely valleys and lakes touched with the sunset hues of old romance—why, from those venerable and touching ruins to which our very heart grows—why, from all these scenes, were they looking beyond the swellings of the Atlantic wave, to a dearer and holier spot of earth—their own, own country? Doubtless, it was in part, because it *is* their country. But it was also, as every one's experience will testify, because they knew that *there* was no oppression, no pitiful exaction of petty tyranny; because that *there*, they knew, was no accredited and irresistible religious domination; because that *there*, they knew, they should not meet the odious soldier at every corner, nor swarms of imploring beggars, the victims of misrule; that *there*, no curse causeless did fall, and no blight, worse than plague and pestilence, did descend amidst the pure dews of heaven; because, in fine, that *there*, they knew, was liberty—upon all the green hills, and amidst all the peaceful valleys—liberty, the wall of fire around the humblest home; the crown of glory, studded with her ever-blazing stars, upon the proudest mansion!

My friends, upon our own homes, that blessing rests, that guardian care and glorious crown; and when we return to those homes, and so long as we dwell in them—so long as no oppressor's foot invades their thresholds, let us bless them, and hallow them as the homes of freedom! Let us make them, too, the homes of a nobler freedom—of freedom from vice, from evil, from passion—from every corrupting bondage of the soul.

Another specimen of the beauty and force of these discourses, we select from the sermon on the *Moral End of Business*.

PERIL AND DECEPTIONS OF TRADE.

But the peril of business specifically considered; and I ask, if there is not good ground for the admonitions on this point, of every moral and holy teacher of every age? What means, if there is not, that eternal disingenuity of trade, that is ever putting on fair appearances and false pretence—of 'the buyer that says, it is naught, it is naught, but when he is gone his way, then boasteth'—of the seller, who is always exhibiting the best samples, not fair but false samples, of what he has to sell; of the seller, I say, who, to use the language of another, 'if he is tying up a bundle of quills, will place several in the centre, of not half the value of the rest, and thus sends forth a hundred liars, with a fair outside, to proclaim as many falsehoods to the world?' These practices, alas! have fallen into the regular course of the business of many. All men expect them; and therefore, you may say, that nobody is deceived. But deception is intended: else why are these things done? What if nobody is deceived? The seller himself is corrupted. He may stand acquitted of dishonesty in the moral code of worldly traffic; no man may charge him with dishonesty; and yet to himself he is a dishonest man. Did I say that nobody is deceived! Nay, but somebody is deceived. This man, the seller, is grossly, wofully deceived. He thinks to make a little profit by his contrivance; and he is selling, by penny-worths', the very integrity of his soul. Yes, the pettiest shop where these things are done, may be to the spiritual vision, a place of more than tragic interest. It is the stage on which the great action of life is performed. There stands a man, who in the sharp collisions of daily traffic, might have polished his mind to the bright and beautiful image of truth, who might have put on the noble brow of candor, and cherished the very soul of uprightness. I have known such a man. I have looked into his humble shop. I have seen the mean and soiled articles with which he is dealing. And yet the process of things going on there, was as beautiful, as if it had been in heaven! But now, what is this man—the man who always turns up to you the better side of every thing he sells—the man of unceasing contrivances and expedients, his life long, to make things appear better than they are? Be he the greatest merchant or the poorest huckster, he is a mean, a knavish—and were I not awed by the thoughts of his immortality, I should say—a contemptible creature; whom nobody that knows him can love, whom nobody can trust, whom nobody can reverence. Not one thing in the dusty repository of things, great or small, which he deals with, is so vile as he. What *is* this *thing* then, which is done, or may be done in the house of traffic? I tell you, though you may have thought not so of it—I tell you that *there, even there*, a soul may be lost!—that that very structure, built for the gain of earth, may be the gate of hell! Say not that this fearful appellation should be applied to worse places than that. A man may as certainly corrupt all the integrity and virtue of his soul in a warehouse or a shop, as in a gambling-house or a brothel.

THE LOFTY HONOUR OF THE UPRIGHT MERCHANT.

I say, therefore, that there is no being in the world for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the upright man of business; no, not for the philanthropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr, than a man of that lofty moral uprightness. And let me say yet more distinctly, that it is not for the generous man, that I feel this kind of respect—that seems to me a lower quality—a mere impulse, compared with the lofty virtue I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes extensive charities, who bestows magnificent donations. That may be all very well—I speak not to disparage it—I wish there were more of it; and yet it may all consist with a want of the true, lofty, unbending uprightness. That is not the man then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands, amidst all the swaying interests and perilous exigencies of trade, firm, calm, disinterested and upright. It is the man, who can see another man's interests, just as clearly as his own. It is the man whose mind, his own advantage does not blind nor cloud for an instant; who could sit a judge, upon a question between himself and his neighbor, just as safely, as the purest magistrate upon the bench of Justice. Ah! how much richer than ermine, how far nobler than the train of magisterial authority, how more awful than the guarded bench of majesty, is that simple, magnanimous and majestic truth. Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, to his neighbor and to his God—true to the right—true to his conscience—and who feels, that the slightest suggestion of that conscience, is more to him than the chance of acquiring an hundred estates.

Do I not speak to some such one now? Stands there not here, some man of such glorious virtue, of such fidelity to truth and to God. Good friend! I call upon you to hold fast to that integrity, as the dearest treasure of existence. Though storms of commercial distress sweep over you, and the wreck of all worldly hopes threaten you, hold on to that as the plank that shall bear your soul unhurt to its haven. Remember that which thy Savior hath spoken—'what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Remember that there is a worse bankruptcy than that which is recorded in an earthly court—the bankruptcy that is recorded in

heaven—bankruptcy in thy soul—all poor, and broken down, and desolate there—all shame and sorrow and mourning, instead of that glorious integrity, which should have shone like an angel's presence, in the darkest prison that ever spread its shadow over human calamity. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the word of Christ—the word of thy truth, let it pass from thee never!

CARLYLE'S MISCELLANIES.

We are happy to announce the appearance of two very beautiful volumes, entitled 'Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, by Thomas Carlyle; edited by W. R. Emerson, published by James Munroe & Co., and printed at the Cambridge press.

The following are the Tables of Contents.

Volume I.—Jean Paul Friedrich Richter,—State of German Literature,—Life and Writ ngs of Werner,—Goethe's Helena,—Goethe,—Burns,—The Life of Heyne,—German Playwrights.

Volume II.—Voltaire,—Novalis.—Signs of the Times,—Jean Paul Friedrich Richter again,—On History,—Luther's Psalm,—Schiller.—The Nibelungen Lied,—German Literature of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.

The friends of general literature, and the collectors of books, as well as all the lovers of Carlyle, will be pleased to be put in possession of a complete collection of his wsrks: (for we understand that Mr Emerson intends to publish two more volumes, which will contain the reminder of his miscellaneous writings, and the rest of his works may be easily procured.) It is not hazarding much to say that these Miscellanies will be popular, with a comparatively large portion of the reading community. Whatever opinion may be generally entertained concerning Mr Carlyle's faults as a thinker and writer, it must be allowed on all hands, that he possesses originality, wit, and force of intellect, fervor and versatility of genius, a vivid and even prurient imagination, and a richly furnished mind. He must therefore command a continually increasing number of readers, and operate powerfully upon the intellect of the present and future age. He cannot be neglected. He cannot be dull or inefficient.

We understand that he is gratified with the reception, which his writings have found on this side of the Atlantic. And with reason—for he has met with far more readers and admirers here, than in his own country; and substantial evidence has already been transmitted to him by his friend R. W. E. of the high price at which his literary labors are held amongst us, in the shape of a good round sum, obtained by the sale of his French Revolution.

Besides the miscellaneous papers, all of which will have been published when the two additional volumes promised by Mr Emerson shall appear, the other works of Mr. Carlyle, are the Translation of Wilhelm Meister, 3 vols. 12mo; the Life of Schiller, 1 vol. 8vo; German Romance, 4 vols. 12mo; Sartor Resartus, and the French Revolution.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE COVENANT OF THE RAINBOW.

BY REV. DR. HARRIS.

'And God said, I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.—Gen ix. 40.

'I saw Heaven opened, and there was a Rainbow about the throne.'—Rev. iv. 3.

Let not the vapor-darkened sky
Spread o'er thy mind disheartening gloom;
The clouds will soon have flitted by,
And sunshine all the scene illume.
Nay, should a tempest's power deform
Nature's fair face,—dismiss thy fears;—
For, on the fast-retiring storm,
The Rainbow,—safety pledge—appears.

So, when the clouds of sorrow cast
O'er thy fair lot their deepest shade,
Despair not, though beneath the blast
The bloom of health and joy should fade;
Nor feel dejected and alone,
For soon each mortal woe shall cease,—
And then Heaven opes, and o'er the throne
Bends the bright bow of endless peace.

VISITATION OF DIVINITY COLLEGE.

The annual visitation of Divinity College, Cambridge, will be on Wednesday next. Exercises by the graduating class will commence at 10 o'clock precisely in the University Chapel—which all interested are invited to attend.

Dissertations on the following subject will be read by the class—the alphibetical order of the names, according to usage being inverted.

I. The characteristics of the Shemitic languages and the utility of those languages to the Biblical Interpreter.—Mr Wm. Dexter Wilson.

II. The Good Pastor.—Mr Frederic Augustus Whitney.

III. Good Sense and Eloquence.—Mr George Frederic Simmons.

IV. The certainty of Present and the credibility of what Christianity teaches respecting Future Retribution.—Mr Crawford Nightingale.

V. Christianity of the Middle Ages.—Mr Theodore Haskell Dorr.

VI. An Exposition of John V. 17—30.—Mr Harrison Gray Otis Blake.

VII. Faith in the efficacy of moral means, important to the Christian Minister.—Mr Benjamin Fisk Barrett.

In the afternoon of the same day, a committee, appointed last year, will report on the expediency of forming an association of the Alumni of Divinity College, and of such as have pursued their Theological studies at Cambridge, to meet annually and have an address. The Committee will report in favor of such an association; and all our Brethren, who can attend, are requested to be present.

Tea will be provided as usual in University Hall.

N. B.—Notices of several books which were intended for this week's Register are unavoidably postponed.

THE YOUNG LADY'S AID.

Is the title of a neat little book just published in Boston by B. H. Greene, from the pen of Rev. J. Whitman of Portland, Me. We have as yet only glanced at the Contents The following is an extract from one of the Chapters.

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

The thought which I have last suggested, is truly important, that all education is for eternity—that no education is complete until this life is swallowed up of death. And I might here with propriety add, that in the view of christian character and eternal happiness, there is a subordination in the different parts of education. The true christian will desire, and strive earnestly for intellectual improvement. But she will ever value intellectual improvement, not so much on its own account, as because it may be the means of moral improvement. She will strive strenuously for the improvement of her moral character. But it will be principally because she is satisfied that the more pure her moral character may become, the higher will her devout affections and spiritual aspirations rise—and the greater will be her religious progress.

Yes, my friends, the thought that all education is for eternity, is one of vast importance, and it gives to all the parts and branches and modes of pursuing education, a vast importanec, an importance, which may be felt, but which cannot be described. You have all read of the accession to the throne of England of Princess Victoria, a young lady, and of the care with which her mother had educated her, in view of her possible elevation to that rank. Now, would you not all feel that the circumstance, that a young lady is to be placed in so important a station, gave to all the parts and branches and modes of pursuing her education a vast importance? Would you not feel that, whatever others who were preparing only for the ordinary walks of life might do, it would be of the utmost importance for her to be educated in the most perfect manner possible? But what is the throne of England, with all its elevation and splendor and influence, so far as the individual is concerned, compared with the eternal interests of an individual's own soul? Is it not, then, much more important that she, who is educating her soul for eternity, should endeavor to train it up in the most perfect manner? This, young ladies, is a view which may be brought home to your own cases. When you think only of the future duties of life, you may say in regard to any branch or any mode of pursuing your education, this is of no great importance, it has reference only to the unimportant scenes and duties of ordinary life. With this feeling you will be in danger of neglecting your intellectual improvement, or of pursuing it in an improper and unprofitable manner. But when you consider that carelessness in the studies of intellectual education, may induce habits of carelessness in regard to moral character, and that carelessness in regard to moral character, may utterly prevent all spiritual improvement, and that the want of spiritual improvement will unfit for the enjoyment of heavenly happiness, then will you feel that it is of infinite importance to avoid this carelessness in the studies of intellectual education. Oh, then, dwell upon the thought which I have presented, that all education is for eternity. For, if you dwell upon this thought, you cannot, you will not waste the precious season with which you are favored. You will ever and in all circumstances of life, be seeking intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement. And are any of you, my friends, so circumstanced that the study of books must be neglected?—Consider, I beseech you, that in every struggle with trial and difficulty and temptation, your intellectual power is increased, while at the same time and by the same effort, your moral principles are strengthened and your heavenward aspirations rendered more fervent. So if, in the face of opposition under temptation, or indeed in any circumstances you persevere in the performance of duty, you will find your mental powers, your moral sensibilities strengthened. You will be continually making perceptible progress and at each step you will gain strength for still further and more vigorous efforts.—Thus your intellectual, moral and spiritual education will be continually making progress. They will go on hand in hand in mutual harmony and with mutual benefit.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Associations, auxiliary to the A. U. A. have recently been formed in the following places.

Greenfield, Rev. Mr Parkman, *Agent.*

Deerfield, Luther B. Lincoln, Esq. *Agent.*

East Bridgewater, Welcome Young Esq. *Agent.*

Easton, Ms, Daniel Reed, *Agent.*

CONGRESS.

The business transacted in either House on Monday, July 2d, principally related to private or local subjects. The same was the case to a considerable extent on Tuesday. In the House, on Tuesday, the second section of the Deposite bill, which is said to contain the substance of the bills, was stricken out, by a vote of 119 to 100.

In the Senate, on Wednesday the Deposite bill, from the House, with the second section stricken out was passed by a vote of 29 in favor, and 17 against it, with some modification.

The bill was finally passed, ayes 173, nays 31, consisting of one section only, which renews the 'five dollar restriction,' but prohibits the Secretary from employing any banks as a depository, which shall, after October, 1838, issue notes of a less denomination than five dollars.

In the House on Thursday July 5th, the amendments to the Indian Appropriation bill were agreed to, and the bill was ordered to a third reading, and subsequently read a third time, passed and sent to the Senate. The Fortification bill passed through the same course.

The new Harbor bill was debated at considerable length, without any decision. Several bills from the Senate were read twice, and at half past 9 the House adjourned.

In the Senate, July 6, Mr Davis, from the Committee on Manufactures, reported a joint resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to cause to be made, under the superintendence of Mr Hassler, one standard balance for each State, to be delivered to the respective Governors. It was carried through the primary stages and ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr Davis, from the same committee, reported the bill from the House, for the improvement of harbors, with amendments. It was for the present laid on the table.

In the House, on Friday, Mr Adams took the floor in continuation of his speech on the Texas question, and at the expiration of the morning hour had not concluded his remarks.

The Steamboat bill, with Mr Webster's amendment to the amendment of the House, was taken up, and after a short discussion, the amendment was concurred in. Several bills from the Senate, mostly private, were disposed of.

The following account of Congressional proceedings on Saturday, we quote from the correspvndence of the Boston Courier. It appears to have been written while the two Houses were still in session on Saturday night.

The immense amount of business which received the sanction of one or the other branch of Congress on Saturday, would fill columns of your paper. I shall, therefore, only notice the most important public bills, and even this notice would be without regard to order.

In the House, Mr Howard, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, made a report on the subject of Mexico, but said he did not request any action upon the Report during the present session. Mr Cushing, from the same committee, made a Minority Report.

Several bills, authorizing importation, (duty free) of material for iron steamboats, were passed.

The bill to restrain the issue or circulation of the notes of the late Bank of the United States, was taken up, and passed as it came from the Senate. The previous question was used on this bill, and has been liberally used during the day and night, by a kind of common consent. Very little debate has been allowed.

The Indian Annuity bill was passed.

The bill to authorize the sale of the Bonds held by the Government, say six millions' against the Bank of the United States, was taken up and passed. It only wants the signature of the President to become a law.

The New York Fire Bill was also passed with amendments. In the amendments the Senate concurred, and the bill will be a law on Monday.

The House concurred with the Senate in their amendment to their General Post Office Bill. So the Express Mail will be continued.

The Light House Bill was also passed with some amendments, to which both Houses have agreed. This is said to be one of the best and most liberal bills that has passed Congress on that subject for several years. Among other appropriations, it contains one for forty thousand dollars to commence erecting a Light House on Crary's Foot, Florida Reef.

A clause to this effect has been regularly inserted, I believe, every year in some appropriation bill. But on the present occasion it contains a limitation, not heretofore inserted. As it now stands it provides, that in no case, shall any collector receive in amount during the year, more than four thousand dollars; no naval officer more than three thousand dollars; no surveyor more than twenty-five hundred dollars, and no other revenue officer more than fifteen hundred dollars.

The Mississippi pre-emption bill was laid on the table.

The West Point Bill was made the depository for every thing in the form of an appropriation, that had been excluded from other bills. How many items of that description were inserted, I can form no opinion, probably twenty. One of them was an appropriation that certain Revenue Officers should have their salaries made equal, in amount, to what they were in 1832.

There remain now no bills, that will be taken up, to which much opposition will be made. Every thing, or nearly every thing, will be finished by the House before they adjourn.

Last day of the session.—But very little business was transacted, in either House, on Monday, the 9th.

In the Senate some time was spent in Executive session. The usual joint committee was appointed to wait on the President, and inform him that the two Houses were ready to adjourn. This committee having reported to the Senate that the President had no further communication to make to them, but to express his wish for their safe return to their friends, the Senate adjourned *sine die.*

In the House, some time was taken up in discussing the motions to rescind the vote of censure passed on Sunday morning in reference to absentees,—and also to remit the fines imposed on those who were brought to the House by the Sergeant at Arms.

At 12 o'clock the House adjourned until the first Monday of December next.

Among the doings of Congress not particularly specified before, provisions to the following effect have been made.

For the expense of outfit of the new Mints for the coinage of silver.

For the expenses incurred by the erection of the Territory of Iowa.

For the expenses of the Orphans' and Criminal Courts for the District of Columbia.

For the investment in State funds of the amount of proceeds of the Smithsonian legacy, until Congress shall think proper to appropriate it to the purposes for which it was devised.

For the expense of standard balances to be furnished for the use of the several States by Mr Hassler.

For carrying on the Public Buildings in Washington for the current year.

For the expense of carrying into effect Mr Serjeant's resolution calling for information, to be collected during the recess, concerning steamboat-boiler explosions.

To extend the time for issuing and locating Virginia Military Land Warrants. [Not the scrip bill: that bill fell through.]

To defray the expense, ($16,000) of erecting a new Court House for the county of Alexandria, in the District of Columbia.

To authorize he sale of the lands reserved from sale on the borders of the Erie and Wabash Canal.

For the settlement of the claims of the State of New York for expenses incurred for militia service during the late disturbances on the northern frontier of that State.

INTELLIGENCE.

Collection of the Revenue.—The Daily Advertiser gives the following statement of the proceedings on the bill relating to the deposite act, and the kinds of money which the collectors and receivers are authorized to receive in payments to the government. Mr Wright's bill, which passed the Senate on the defeat of Mr Webster's bill, and Mr Buchanan's substitute, consisted of two short sections. The first related to the prohibition of the notes of banks which issue bills of less denomination than five dollars, and the second was an entire repeal of the twelve first sections of the law of June 23, 1836, for the regulation of the deposites, the effect of which would be to leave the whole custody of the public money at the discretion of the executive:

This bill was taken up in the House, July 3d, and was the subject of a long debate. After various proceedings, which have been stated, including a call of the House, the question was taken on Mr Legare's motion to strike out the second section, and decided in the affirmative, by a vote of 119 to 101.

The bill thus amended, and as subsequently concurred in by the Senate, is in the following words:

A Bill to modify the last clause of the 5th section of the deposite act of the 23d June, 1836, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted, &c. That the last clause of the 5th section of the act entitled 'An act to regulate the deposites of the public money,' approved 23d June, 1836, declaring that the notes or bills of no bank shall be received in payment of any debt due to the United States, which shall, after the 4th day of July, 1836, issue any note or bill of a less denomination than five dollars, shall be, and the same is hereby, modified, so that the interdiction as to the reception of the bills and notes shall not continue against any bank which has, since the said 4th of July, 1836, issued bills or notes of a less denomination than five dollars, or which shall issue any such bills or notes prior to the first day of October 1838; but that from and after the said last mentioned day the bills and notes of no banks shall be received in payment of any debt due to the United States, which bank shall after that date issue, re issue, or pay out any bill or note of a denomination less than five dollars.'

The North Eastern Boundary.—In the Senate on the 4th instant, Mr Buchanan, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, presented a report from that committee, of considerable length, in which they unanimously* recommended to the Senate the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That, after a careful examination and deliberate consideration of the whole controversy between the United States and Great Britain relative to the North Eastern boundary of the former, the Senate does not entertain a doubt of the entire practicability of running and marking that boundary in strict conformity with the stipulations of the definitive treaty of peace of seventeen hundred and eighty three; and entertain a perfect conviction of the justice and validity of the title of the United States to the full extent of all the territory in dispute between the two Powers.

Resolved farther, That, considering that more than half a century has elapsed since the conclusion of that treaty; considering the extraordinary delay which has hitheto marked the negotiations and proceedings of the 'Government of the two countries, in their endeavor amicably to settle the controversy; and considering the danger of mutual irritation and collisions upon the border of kindred and friendly nations from further procrastination, the Senate cannot forbear to express an earnest desire that the pending negotiation should be brought to a close, and the final decision of the dispute be made as early as practicable.

Resolved, That, as it would be inexpedient for the United States to proceed, upon their separate authority, to survey and mark the North Eastern Boundary, until all reasonable means of effecting that object by the consent and concurrence of both parties shall have been exhausted, the 'bill to provide for surveying the North Eastern boundary line of the United States according to the treaty of seventeen hundred and eighty three,' ought not to pass; and it is therefore ordered that it he laid upon the table.

* Mr Davis of Massachusetts was absent, and afterwards expressed his dissent to the 3d Resolution.

Dinner to the Hon. Daniel Webster.—The Mechanics of Boston propose to invite the Hon. Daniel Webster, on his return from Congress, to a public dinner. A commitee of *seventy six* has been chosen, to make arrangements for the occasion.

Annals of Benevolence.—The late Frederick Kohne, formerly of Charleston, S. C., but at the time of his death, and for many years previous, a resident at Philadelphia, bequeathed property to the amount of about seven hundred and thirty thousand dollars. The Protestant Episcopal Church, of which Mr Kohne was a member, is the principal object of his bounty, in bequests of one hundred and sixty three thousand dollars, to be variously applied in the dioceses of Pennsylvania and South Carolina. There are various bequests, of which the principal are 60,000 to the Orphan's Asylum, 100,000 to the House of Refuge, 20,000 to the Deaf and Dumb Institution, 10,000 to the Dispensary, at Philadelphia, and several large sums to benevolent societies in Charleston. The remainder estimated at three hundred thousand dollars, he devises to 'such charitable institutions in Pennsylvania and South Carolina, as his executors, or the survivor of them, shall deem most beneficial to mankind, and so that part of the colored population in each of the said states of Pennsylvania and South Carolina shall partake of the benefits thereof.'

Rathbun.—The Buffalo Commercial of Friday states that in the case of Benjamin Rathbun, for forgery, the Jury brought in a verdict NOT GUILTY.

Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, has been appointed by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate, Attorney-general of the United States, vice B. F. Butler, resigned.

Resumption of Specie Payments recommended by the Philadelphia Banks.—At a meeting of the General Committee of the banks of the city and county of Philadelphia, held at the Exchange on Thursday evening, *it was resolved* to recommend to the banks, generally, the 1st day of August next as the time to resume specie payments.

Extraordinary Height of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario.—For several years past the waters of the Lake and River have been gradually increasing, but during the present summer a more than proportionate increase has taken place; to such a degree in fact, as to become not only inconvenient but somewhat dangerous.

Asylum for the Insane in New Hampshire.—The legislature of New Hampshire, at their late session, appropriated thirty shares of the capital stock of the New Hampshire Bank, the property of the State, to the erection of an Asylum for the Insane, to be made over to an association formed for the purpose, whenever they shall exhibit to the Governor satisfactory evidence that the sum of $15,000 has been raised for the same object from other sources. We doubt not that the necessary sum will be promptly raised in New Hampshire, as about one third of the amount has been already subscribed in Portsmouth and the vicinity. Returns which have been heretofore made of the number and condition of the insane in New Hampshire, show that there is a pressing necessity for such an institution.

The legislature appropriated $1500 for the education of deaf and dumb, and a like sum for the education of blind persons.

A Caution.—Passengers for New York are solemnly warned against embarking in any steamer which the spirit of opposition, (however justifiable,) may make *unusually perilous.*

Conflicting boats now start at the same hour, and although positive assurances are given that 'no racing shall be allowed'—yet both boats are urged to the verge of safety, the ordinary hazards of such navigation are unnecessarily enhanced, and the comfort of the passengers is wholly destroyed by being kept in *continual bodily fear.* The apprehension of danger is felt the more by those most conversant with the use of steam. Do not trust to boats that are likely to be unduly urged. T. B. C.

Harvard University—Bowdoin Prize Dissertations for 1838.—The two second Junior Prizes were awarded to Edward Everett Hale of Boston, and Nathaniel H. Morrison of Peterborough, N. H.

The Graduate Prize was awarded to Daniel S. Richardson of Tyngsborough, of the class of 1836, resident graduate at the Law School. The Senior Prizes are not yet awarded.—*Courier.*

The Hon. James K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy, took the oath, and entered upon the duties of the office on Monday of last week.

Regulation of Steamboats.—The Senate yesterday disagreed to that amendment of the House of Representatives to its bill for regulating the navigation of steamboats, by which it was proposed to inflict a fine of five thousand dollars on owners, for any loss of life or lives by explosion of boilers, &c. and substituted for it a provison that, in all prosecutions at law for damages in such case, the fact of such explosion shall be considered *prima facie* evidence of wilful intent, &c. Thus amended, the bill has passed both Houses, and may be considered the law of the land.—*Nat. Intel.*—

Trouble in Chatham Street, N. Y.—Quite a commotion was produced yesterday morning among the traffickers in new clothes, old clothes, and 'matters and things in general,' located in Chatham street, who have for years past been in the habit of throwing open their shops for trade, and exposing their wares at their doors and windows. The Common Council having recently passed a resolution for the enforcement of the long neglected ordinance for the prevention of Sunday trafficking, the police, under the direction of the Mayor, have commenced enforcing a strict and general observance of that ordinance, heretofore only enforced against the poor women and children who eked out a few pence profit by selling apples and peanuts. Almost with the rising of the sun, yesterday, the Chatham street retailers, who have heretofore been in that practice, opened their shops and stalls, and hung out their articles of trade as usual, but before 10 o'clock they received a visit from officer Merritt, who warned them to take in their 'traps,' and close their shops, and that in case of their refusal or neglect to comply instanter, or of their reopening on any future Sabbath for purposes of trade, they would be proceeded against according to law. Most, if not all of them, had the discretion to comply with the requirements, and henceforth a strict watch will be kept upon them, which will render it both unsafe and disagreeable for them to continue desecrating the Sabbath in the manner which has been too long tolerated.—*Sun.*

Oaks for the Parlor.—If you hang an acorn by a string about half an inch above the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, it will throw down long white roots, while its stem will rise upwards and become decorated with bright green and delicate leaves. When it grows over the top of the hyacinth glass, it becomes a pretty object.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Depository of the Book and Pamphlet Society is at the Office of the Christian Register, in Water Street, No 19—up stairs.

It is open to all who may be in want of Unitarian Books and Tracts for distribution; and the Directors would inform such persons that they will be supplied gratis, on application as above. Besides the monthly tracts issued by the Unitarian Association, the Depository is supplied with various other treatises in defence of Liberal Christianity; and friends at a distance who write for them will be promptly supplied. Address David Reed, Publisher of the Christian Register.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday morning, by Rev. Mr Towne, Mr William P. Tenney to Miss Sarah G. Hammond, both of this city.

In Charlestown, on Thursday evening, by Rev. Dr Walker, Henry A. Pierce Esq. of this city, to Miss Susan R. Thompson.

On Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr Crosby, Mr Charles Fessenden, of Charlestown, to Miss Eliza Boyden, of this city.

In Lynn, Rev. J. W. Downing of this city, formerly of Salem to Miss M. A. Mudge, of Lynn.

In Fitchburg, June 25, by Rev. C. Lincoln, Mr Thomas C. Caldwell to Miss Charlotte E. Marshall.

In Lowell July 5, by Rev. Mr Miles Wm. Taylor Jr of Littleton, to Martha B. Brown of the former city.

In Chatham, Elijah W. Carpenter, M. D. to Miss Mary H. Nickerson.

In Portland, Mr Emerson D. Porter, of Bangor, to Miss Nancy B. Adams, formerly of Quincy.

In New York, Mr John Jay Adams to Miss Agnes Eliza Bazelby, daughter of J. Damon, Esq.

In Lexington, Ky. Hon. T. M. Hickey, to Mrs Catharine A Barry, widow of the late Postmaster General Barry.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Friday last, Mr James Walker, aged about 50, a native of Liverpool, England.

On Sunday morning, of consumption, Mrs Clarissa H. wife of Mr Daniel B. Badger, 36.

In Dorchester, July 3d, Mr Josiah Faxon, 71.

In Milton, 7th inst. Francis Amory, only child of Mr Lewis Davenport, 22 months.

In Roxbury, Mr Charles Jov, 68.

In Concord, July 3, Miss Lucy P. F. Barrett, 23—eldest daughter of Joseph Barrett, Esq.

In Westfield, June 28, Captain Ezra Clapp, 73—a soldier of the revolution.

In Hopkinton, Mass. on the 8th inst. Samuel L. Knapp, Esq. formerly of this city, 52.

In Edgartown, Hon. Matthew Mayhew, 82.

In Concord, 6th inst. Mr Cyrus Parker Bradley, son of Mr Isaac C. Bradley, 20, a student at law, and a young gentleman of great promise

In Buffalo, Mr Samuel Townsend, formerly of this city, 58.

In Portland, Mrs Lucy M. Lowell, wife of Capt Daniel Lowell, 29.

In Bangor, Me., Ellen Maria French, only daughter of Mr John A. French, 10 1-2.

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G. W. PALMER & CO. have just published the twenty-third edition of '*A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship*,' by Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

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'Didst not thou sow good seed in thy field?—then hath it tares?'

This work has been long out of print. It is published in the present style, and form, (the three first parts in full, and the others, less important, abridged) in order to render it accessible to other persons besides scholars and critics, and to give it a diffusion amongst laymen who are interested in the great questions of theolgy. It is 'a book of facts, not merely the statement of opinions,' and 'all are here furnished with a storehouse of invaluable materials for making up independent judgements of their own on the subjects discussed.'—In one volume.

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This work has passed through six editions in Paris, three in London, and has already had an extensive circulation in this country, being the most philosophical work on our institutions yet published.

NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Citizens of Boston and its vicinity, that he continues to manufacture Trusses of every description, at his residence, at the Old Stand opposite 264, No. 30g Washington Street, Boston. (Entrance in Temple Avenue—up stairs.) All individuals can see him alone at any time, at the above place. Having had eighteen years' experience, in which he has afforded relief to 1500 persons for the last three or four years, all may rest assured of relief who call and try Trusses of his manufacture. He has had an opportunity of seeing a great number of individuals afflicted with the most distressing cases of rupture at the Charlestown Poor-House, of which his father (Dea. Gideon Foster) is now, and has been for more than twenty-four years, the keeper; and he is now confident he can give every individual relief who may be disposed to call on him.

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J. F. F. manufactures as many as twenty different kinds of Trusses among which are all the different kinds similar to those that the late Mr John Beath of this city formerly made, together with the Patent Elastic Spring Truss, with spring pads; Trusses without steel springs—these give relief in all cases of rupture, and in a large portion produce a perfect cure—they can be worn day and night; improved Hinge and Pivot Truss; Umbilical Spring Trusses, made in four different ways; Trusses with ball and socket joints; Trusses for Prolapsus Ani, by wearing which, persons troubled with a decant of the rectum, can ride on horseback with perfect ease and safety. Mr F also makes Trusses for Prolapsus Uteri, which have answered in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, Knee Caps, and Back Boards are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience, and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufactories, which they can have; if his do not suit them after a fair trial, they can exchange for any of them:—Dr Hull's; Read's Spiral Truss; Rundell's do; Farr's do.; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's Patent; French do; Marsh's Improved Truss; Bateman's do.; Shaker's Rocking Trusses; Heintzleman's India-rubber Pad, made in Philadelphia; Ivory turned Pad Trusses: Stone's do., double and single; also, Trusses for children, of all sizes.

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JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.

Boston, February, 1838.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. WARREN.

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'Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with Hernia have suffered much from the want of a skillful workman in accommodating Trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr J. F. Foster to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr Beath. After some months of observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments, and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel myself therefore called on to recommend him to my professional brethren and to the public as a person well fitted to supply their wants in regard to these important articles. JOHN C. WARREN.'

POETRY.

From the U. S. Magazine and Democratic Review.

THE CONTRAST.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The mother sat beside her fire,
Well trimmed it was, and bright,
While loudly moaned the forest pines,
Amid that wintry night.

She heard them not—those wind-swept pines,—
For o'er a scroll she hung,
That bore her husband's voice of love,
As when that love was young.

And thrice her son, beside her knee,
Besought her favoring eye,
And thrice her lisping daughter spoke,
Before she made reply.

'O little daughter, many a kiss
Lurks in this treasured line,—
And boy,—a father's counsels fond,
And tender prayers are thine.

Thou hast his proud and arching brow,
Thou hast his eye of flame,
And be the purpose of thy soul,
Thy sunward course the same.'

Then, as she drew them to her arms,
Down her fair cheek would glide
A tear that shone like diamond spark,
The tear of love and pride.

She took her infant from its rest,
And laid it on her knee,
'Thou ne'er hast seen thy sire,' she said,
But he 'll be proud of thee.

Yes, he 'll be proud of thee, my dove,
The lily of our line.
I know what eye of blue he loves,
And such an eye is thine.'

'Where is my father gone, mamma?
Why does he stay so long?'
'He 's far away in Congress Hall,
Amid the noble throng.

He 's in the lofty Congress Hall,
To swell the high debate,
And help to frame those righteous laws
That make our land so great.

But ere the earliest violets bloom,
You in his arms shall be;
So go to rest, my children dear,
And pray for him and me.'

The snow-flakes reared their drifted mound,
They buried nature deep,
Yet nought within that peaceful home
Stirred the soft down of sleep.

For lightly, like an angel's dream,
The trance of slumber fell,
Where innocence and holy love
Entwined their guardian spell.

Another eve,—another scroll,—
Wot ye what words it said?
Two words,—two fearful words it bore,—
The duel!—and the dead!—

The duel!—and the dead!—how dark
Was that young mother's eye—
How fearful her protracted swoon—
How wild her piercing cry.

There 's many a wife, whose bosom's lord
Is in his prime laid low—
Engulfed beneath the watery main,
While bitter tempests blow,

Or crushed amid the battle field,
Where crimson rivers flow,
Yet know they not the deadly pang,
That dregs her cup of woe.

Who lies so powerless on her couch,
Transfixed by sorrow's sting!
Her infant in its nurse's arms
Like a forgotten thing?

A dark-haired boy is at her side,
He lifts his eagle eye,
'Mother, they say my father 's dead,
How did my father die?'

Again the spear-point in her breast!
Again that shriek of pain!
Child! thou hast riven thy mother's soul,
Speak not those words again.

'Speak not those words again, my son!'
What boots the fruitless care?
They 're written wheresoe'er she turns,
On ocean, earth or air.

They 're seared upon her shrinking heart,
That bursts beneath its doom—
The duel!—and the dead!—they haunt
The threshold of her tomb.

So, through her brief and weary years
That broken heart she bore,
And on her pale and drooping brow
The smile sat never more.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

'THE PEACE OF GOD.'

Oh what can compare to the peace of God,
When it cometh upon the heart,
Where once contending passions trod,
When it bids them all depart:
Oh! not the peace of the battle plain,
When the day's hot fight is o'er;
There war may madly rage again—
In that heart it can rage no more.

'T is not like the peace to the ocean given,
When above the soft skies smile;
True, it may image the face of heaven,
And be gentle and calm awhile;
But shall not the clouds again be hung
Above it, in gorgeous gloom,
And shall not many a life be flung
Away on that stormy tomb?

'T is not like the peace of the fruitful land,
When the valleys are thick with corn;
That peace all hearts may understand,
For of earthly things 't is born;
But thou wouldst not call it peace, hadst knelt
Before God's holy shrine,
And that blessed calm in thy spirit felt
That none can e'er define.

Turn not to earth, for its brightest joys
Beside his light are dim;
But there is a pleasure nought destroys,
And it flows alone from him.

Oh, be that peace within thy breast!
Then shalt thou surely know,
That save his pure and holy rest,
There is no true peace below. M. A. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the New York Observer.]

SCENERY AROUND ATHENS.

ATHENS, December, 1837.

From the schools we directed our course to Mount Lycabettus, an eminence which lies to the north east about a mile from the outskirts of the city, and is the highest of the hills in the neighborhood. Passing in front of the King's palace, which at the present time is in process of building on a scale of expense far beyond the ability of the treasury or the resources of the people, we ascend by an easy step to the foot of the mountains, and wind around its south-eastern side towards its craggy summit. Its sides are covered with wild thyme, a species of them called *phringa*, and a sort of bulbous plant with leaves like those of a tulip. On the top are the ruins of the convent of St. George. The view is the finest in the whole region. Before us lies the city, girdling the craggy base of the Acropolis, which rises like a diadem, the most commanding, regal point in all the landscape. Every object of interest is visible at once. The Temple of Jupiter Olympus and the Stadium on our right, the Acropolis, the Mount of the Museium beyond, the Pnyx or pulpit of Demosthenes, the hill of Areopagus nearer, and the Temple of Theseus outside the city to the left, a perfect unity of melancholy beauty. The city, the plain, the harbors, the islands, Salamis and Egina, the coast, the mountains, the sea; Hymettus, Pentelicus, Parnes with some spots of snow; the course of the Ilyssus, with a little appearance of a brook here and there shining to the sun; the flocks of sheep dotting the plains, the animals and men here and there moving along the paths like emmets; the winding lines of roads in every direction, the forest of olives in the plain of the Academy, and the straight white road running from the city five miles to the port of the Piræus. Every object in our view, even the shipping in the Piræus, is brought by the serene transparent atmosphere, as with the power of telescope, near to the vision, and with a magic beauty and purity of tint, which only such an atmosphere could produce. How beautiful, how beautiful!

From Lycabettus I proceeded to visit the Stadium of the Athenians, which is perfectly distinguishable on the other side of the Ilyssus. You see a high sloping bank, running nearly north and south, in the shape of a horse shoe, with the opening towards the bed of the river, and the bottom about as smooth and level as a lawn, though ploughed for cultivation. This space was 675 feet deep, and a third as wide, with rows of seats for the visitors rising one above another perhaps to the number of thirty in height, and capable of containing twenty-five thousand persons. The seats were all once cased by Herodes, the son of Atticus, with white Pentelican marble. Close to the Stadium are the remains of an ancient bridge across the Ilyssus.

When I speak of the Ilyssus, that 'time-honored stream,' which poets have celebrated as if it were really a river, you need not imagine that I mean any thing more than the pebbly channel of a brook which has ceased to murmur. It looks as if it might become a foaming torrent for a little season after a heavy rain, but at present there are only pools of water here and there, just a sufficient quantity at intervals for the purposes of groups of washerwomen. The stream in fact is lost in the sand, and filtrates beneath the surface, re-appearing now and then with the resemblance of a rill or fountain. Pursuing its course from the ruins of the bridge, down as far as the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, we come to the position of the ancient fountains of Callirhoe. The remains of the Temple are stupendous, and its vastness must have exceeded that of any other similar fabric in the world, though it was not finished till the reign of the emperor Hadrian. Upon the marble beam between two of its lofty and enormous columns, the eye is offended by a pile of bricks that looks like the remnant of a wall built upon the top of the Temple. This place is said to have been the habitation of a fanatic several centuries ago, who perched himself there, and lived by the contributions of his followers, never descending from his post, a sort of Simon Stylites. To-day, as I passed up from the foundations of the Temple, a Greek student was lying on the ground near by, and repeating one of the Greek paradigms. Entering the city through the arch of Hadrian, I pass, in my way homeward, a beautiful little temple, which, for some reason or other, has obtained the name of the lantern of Demostheus. It is a small circular structure, with marble pillars, and a fringe or border of exquisitely sculptured figures at the top.

Among our other excursions in Athens, we went on the afternoon of a still and lovely day to the Academy, or rather, the olive groves and gardens where the Academy is supposed to have been situated, about three miles from the modern city. At the borders of the groves of the Academy we visited two small round hills that rise from the plain, one of which is supposed to be the Colonus of the tragedy of Sophocles. The prospect from it corresponds with that described in the opening of the tragedy. The description of the city by Antigone to her blind father is probably an image of the aspect which it presented from this hill in the age of Sophocles, but with reference to the time of Thesus it must be considered as a sort of anachronism, since but few buildings could then have been visible from this spot. The age of Sophocles was also that of Cimon and Pericles, the great adorners of the Acropolis, which must have risen to the sight in all its splendor, when the Œdipus Colonus was written. The passage in the tragedy opens as follows:

O Œdipus! my poor unhappy Father!
Far as my eyes can reach, I see a city
With lofty turrets crowned; and, if I err not,
This place is sacred, by the laurel shade,
Olive and vine thick planted, and the songs
Of nightingale sweet warbling through the grove.
Here sit thee down, and rest thy wearied limbs
On this rude stone; 'tis a long way for age
Like thine to travel.

After one of the most perfect afternoons I ever beheld, we saw the sunset from this hill, fringing the long picturesque outline of the Morea mountains with a border of gold, and leaving their bases steeped in the deepest and richest purple. The view of the city and the distant Acropolis, rising with its melancholy beautiful ruins amidst the serene, clear-tinted, and transparent atmosphere, was at this hour and from this position peculiarly lovely.

In an excursion to Hymettus, we were not favored with so pure and beautiful a day, but we rode through the ancient marble quarries, and descended by a rough craggy path to a deserted convent in a lowly rocky gorge, where the bare gray crags on every side shut in the building from the world, as if it were an hospice in the Alps. Yet the Acropolis was still in view from the top of the convent, looking far down the romantic valley, as through a long perspective glass. A few olive, almond and pine trees were scattered down the vale. Returning from the mountain, we passed around a large farm cultivated by an English gentleman, where they had just been taking up the winter's harvest of honey, from the cone-shaped basket hives. It possesses a delicious flavor, tinged with the *aroma* of the flowers of Hymettus which the bees feed upon. The country around the mountain is at this season, in appearance a moor, covered with thorny shrubs, and the soil is so thin that a recent torrent from the mountain of a few inches depth had laid entirely bare in its course the surface of the rocky stratum on which the scanty layer of earth reposes.

[From the National Ægis.]

COLLECTIONS RELATING TO FASHIONS AND DRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By the Rev. Joseph B. Felt.

[*Continued.*]

RINGS.

These, as ornaments for the hand, have long been used by both sexes, and in many nations. We bring to mind the impressive interview between Pharaoh and Joseph, that when that monarch took off a ring from his own hand, and put it on the hand of that injured, but virtuous youth. The ancient Romans wore iron ones for centuries. Marius, who died 86 years B. C., had the first gold ring known among that people. The Greeks appeared with one on the fourth finger of the left hand. As a reason for this, Aulius Gellius informs us, that they had discovered that a small nerve went from such a finger directly to the heart. No wonder that so classic a people, regarding the ring as a pledge of affection, should give it a place where it would most remind them of the supposed seat of such a benevolent disposition. Among the Christians of the 5th century, on the authority of Tertullian, there was a form of blessing the nuptial ring. But however ornaments of this sort have been worn, and whatever associations of thought or emotion they may have produced, they have always appeared on some of both sexes in our country, though much more on ladies than gentlemen. There was one in the Winthrop family, of interesting though unexplained associations. It fell to the younger Winthrop, who became the Governor of Connecticut, and who gained the favor of Charles II by presenting it to him, as the gift of Charles I to his worthy grandmother on some special occasion. When Daniel Rogers, of Ipswich, on his judicial circuit as a magistrate, perished in a snow storm in 1722, on Hampton Beach, and before his body was found, it was suspected that he had been murdered for his gold ring as well as for horse and clothing. It used to be a custom to wear rings on the thumb besides those on the finger. The New England Weekly Journal of 1729, advertises 'a large thumb ring' as being picked up at Rumney Marsh. Down to 1770, it was common for families of wealth to give the pall bearers and particular friends at funerals, a gold ring apiece. Elizabeth, the widow of Capt. Nathaniel Davenport of Boston, who was killed in the capture of Narraganset Fort, in 1675, had the subsequent item in her account of charges; 'To 21 rings to his and my relatives, and to two or three who took care to bring him off when slaine, '£8 10s.' For such a disbursement, the Province of Massachusetts was at much expense in 1729, when Governor Burnet was buried. It is very probable, that the dislike of our puritan ancestors to the mode of marriage in the Episcopal Church, and of presenting rings on so interesting a ceremony, rendered these far less used than they would otherwise have been. Rings for the ears, from the richest material down to its cheapest imitation, have had their seasons of abundance and scarceness. As composed of gold, a portion of the community have ever considered them as a sort of remedy for weakness of eyes. Whatever may be our opinion of such external attire, we should all be agreed, that there is an indispensable ornament of the heart, which is more precious than rubies; it is the only *Cordon Sanataire* for moral diseases whether in excess of fashion or any other undue indulgence.

WAISTCOAT.

This has for ages been a garment of the East. It was the *chitone* of both Jews and Greeks. Arbuthnot remarks, 'The tunics of the Romans, which answer our waistcoats, were without ornaments and with very short sleeves.' In the decline of the Roman empire, such garments reached down to the ancles and had sleeves extending to the hands. The waistcoat, or vest, as generally called in America, was common in Europe before our fathers came to this continent. It was sometimes denominated a doublet. Shakespeare says;—'What a pretty thing a man is, when he goes in his *doublet* and hose, and leaves off his wit.' In the primitive days of our country, there was a strong propensity and a persevering practice for wearing the sleeves of such an article very large towards the shoulder, and with much cut work, so as to show the linen of the arms. Thence, in 1634 the Government of Massachusetts enacted, that 'immoderate great sleeves or slashed apparel' should not be worn, except one slash in each sleeve, and one in the back. This Legislative swoop also embraced the wardrobe of ladies. Perceiving in 1639, that their injunction was disregarded, the same authorities resolved, that no clothes should be made with short sleeves so as to expose the arms, nor any sleeve should be over a half ell in the whole part. This would be making the sleeves of both sexes a yard and a quarter in circumference, not much differing from those lately seen on females, known sometimes by the appellations of Bishop or Leg of Mutton, and noted as a wonder of our age. Then it was, that neither of the sexes could consistently lay the charge of whimsical and extravagant dress to the other. As to slashed apparel, the waistcoat, as well as the gown, seems not only to have much open work in the sleeves, but, also, in the back. This was no new thing. The same writer, last quoted, whose observation on men and things was as deep as his insight into human nature, says:

'What! this a sleeve?
There's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censor in a barber's shop.'

The waistcoat had become short by 1660 and so continued till 1685. From this to 1714, it grew in length so as frequently to touch the knee. One of this sort is seen on the likeness of Governor Yale, who died 1721, in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven. The inventories of early settlers speak of its color as prevalently red. It was sometimes fringed, and not unfrequently edged with gold or silver lace. Till about 1760, its top was low so that the neckcloth was visible all round. Thus low as well as long, it was worn till 45 years since, by elderly men, and considerably by their juniors. When suspenders were adopted 40 years past, the vest kept diminishing till it became very short. After that, it came down so as to be a comfortable garment. Recently, its longitude has been on the decrease. As manufactured of leather, it was common for laboring men from the beginning of New England till after the Revolution. Its sleeves, as we are aware, have been long dispensed with. As the coat was more worn, they were laid aside; and, so far as retained, they seem to have given the name of short jacket to what was formerly a waistcoat. Such was the passion for wearing gold and silver buttons on vests and coats, that the General Court of Massachusetts forbid them, in 1651, to be worn at all, except by men worth £200.* They continued fashionable till the retrenchment caused by our struggle for Independence. In June of 1835, while digging up the foundation of Old St. Peter's Church in Salem, for the erection of a new one, the workmen discovered the remains of Jonathan Pue, his Majesty's surveyor and searcher of the Port, who died 1760. Among these remains were some silver buttons, the mementoes of another age, the insignia of more than common rank. Among the items contained in an account of what Governor Hutchinson lost by a mob in 1765, we have the following. 'One suit of French Grey, having button holes wrought with gold thread, and gold basket buttons.' As a substitute for buttons so costly, were the covered, horn, pewter and gilded brass ones. For the welfare of our communities, it is matter of high satisfaction that, although wealth never so much abounded among us, till the last two years of increasing distress in the circles of business, yet the owners of it have been contented to fasten their garments with other substances than gold and silver. The more and the longer a people keep aloof from such useless badges of distinction, the greater is their claim upon our respect and esteem.

* These buttons were put on almost close together. With respect to them and others for clothing, we have the ensuing facts. In 1633, when a vessel of Sir Richard Saltonstall was cast away on Cape Sable, Razilly, the Governor there, paid the Captain of her, for sails and cables, 7 or 800 gold buttons, taken from *one* of his suits. Quarter and eights of Spanish dollars, with eyes soldered on and coinage retained, were not unusually seen on garments.

SMALL CLOTHES.

This garment was long peculiar to Northern nations. Thence it was called by Tacitus, 'the covering of barbarians.' Instead of it, the ancient Romans sometimes wore swathed scarves, denominated femoralia. Having made its way into the Roman Empire under Honorius and Arcadius, both of whom deceased in the fore part of the 5th century, it was restrained, and the makers of it, denominated bracarii, were expelled from the metropolis. The reason assigned for this severity, was, that such an article of dress was unworthy of a people, who held those under their dominion by whom it was worn. This reason, however, as good as is often given for state policy, was more the expression of domineering pride, than of true magnanimity. Charles V of France, issued an edict against his subjects' wearing short and tight small clothes as an infringement on past and general custom. Such dress, at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, was, to use the language of an English writer, 'stuffed out to an enormous size with horse hair and cotton.' This fashion declined 1565, but revived soon after her decease in 1603. It came over to these shores, and was prohibited by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1639. This injunction, however, causing some suspension, did not have full effect. Small clothes were worn above the knee till after 1685. Thus short, they had large bunches of ribbon in the place of buckles, and also puffs round the knee band, which looked like small blown up bladders. They were called *trunk*, and were so immoderately large, that, if now seen on a solitary individual, they would be scouted as a monstrous singularity. From 1689 till after 1727, having been gradually lessened, they were made longer and closer for the more fashionable. Fifty-five years since, they were worn by men of common circumstances, on land and at sea, of such a size, that one yard and a half in circumference would not excuse them. Until a half century past, little boys, as soon as putting off their child's attire, would be fixed out with small clothes. Twenty-five years ago they were to be seen on young and old men with the knee bands fastened either with buckles or strings. Subsequently to this, they have mostly disappeared from those of every age and class. As used by males of laborious callings, they were* leather from the first planting of our Colonies till the peace of Independence. Small clothes, as well as the following part of dress, were often accompanied with spatterdashes, which served as boots to guard against mud and wet.

* In 1721 a pair of leather small clothes were charged at 25s.

A Good Discovery.—Some six or seven weeks ago, when the water of the Schuylkill was so yellow and turbid, and all the conduits from Fairmount ran discoloured streams, the following discovery, which we find in the London Morning Chronicle, would have been a blessing, as it may always be henceforth. A Mr. James Richards, of Dumbleton, writing to the editor, observes: 'I have discovered a cheap filter to cleanse river water, which you will oblige me to communicate to the public, as it may be useful to the inhabitants of London, Westminster, and other districts where clean soft water is preferred to dirty or hard water. It is nothing more than a bag made of unbleached calico, in the form of an inverted cone, attached to a small wooden hoop, and in this country called a dropping bag. It is first saturated with water, afterwards pulverized charcoal is thinly spead over the inside of it with a dredgingbox used by cooks. At first, a part of the charcoal will pass through the pores of the bag with the water, but by continuing to fill it *full* with the same water, and adding charcoal, in a few minutes it will become as clear as spring water. To prevent the charcoal being washed from the pores of the bag in filling it, place another bag inside it, and dredge a small quantity of pulverized charcoal into it. The cost of boath bags is under one shilling, and the two I send you will clease from fifty gallons daily, if it be supplied with water from a pipe and regulated by a stopcock, and more in proportion to the size of the bag; but, as their cost is little, they can be increased in size and in number as may be required. I have used these filters the last month, and hope the use of them may add to the comfort of others.' This plan, it will be seen, is extremely simple, and within the means of every citizen. why should it not be generally adopted in Philadelphia?—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Steamboat Racing—Anecdote.—A lady took her passage on board a steamboat at New Orleans to go to St Louis, but hearing that the Captain intended to run a race, declined going unless assurances were given that such would not be the case. The master pledged his honor to refrain the contest, and the boat got under way; the rival boat pursuing soon after, neared him fast, and the passengers becoming excited, requested him to put on more steam, which was refused, for the reason above given. The lady was applied to, but would not yield. She was then requested to come on deck and view the other boat, which, at the time, was nearly alongside, and fast gaining. Her feelings were immediately enlisted, and she too urged an increase of speed, which was attempted, but not succeding as well as the passengers desired, they suggested that he should use bacon, to make the wood more inflammable. The answer was, that having pledged his word not to race, he had not provided himself with the article. 'Never mind, captain, (said the lady) you have some on board on freight, use it, use it, my dear sir, I will pay all expenses if you beat that boat'—*Charleston Mercury.*

How to get a Church Roofed.—An old German Romance containing tales of the pranks of the priests in ancient times, relates that a Vienna student, a shrewd and ready witted knave, was elevated to the living of the parish of Calemberg. In consequence of the dilapidated state of the roof of his church, the rain poured into every part of it. The young parson having exhorted his congregation to contribute towards its restoration, offered them their choice as to which portion of the roof they would repair—that over the altar, or that over the chancel. 'Over the altar,' said they laughing to themselves, 'it is a very small part; let the parson roof over the chancel.' But the parson, when he found he could stand at the altar, and perform the service under shelter, troubled his head no more about the matter; while his congregation, who wished to keep as dry as their priest, found they had no other alternative than to repair the rest of the roof.

Mary.—Miss Mitford, a lady of good sense and excellent taste, says that her most favorite name is *Mary*—a name which is as common as a white violet, and one that has something indestructibly sweet and simple, and fit for all wear, high or low, suits the cottage or the palace, the garden or the field, the pretty or the ugly, the old or the young.

Vineyards of the Crimea.—Crim Tartary will soon begin to send wines to western Europe, and through America by way of the Mediterrancan In the Crimea fresh plantations containing 1,150,000 vines were made in the course of the year 1836. In four years the number of vines has increased by upwards of five millions.—There are now, in Russia, 13,338 *dessiatines* of vineyards, 8,133 of which are in the provinces at the foot of the Caucasus, and 4,438 in the Taurus. This amount of vineyard land is greater than that which existed in the year 1835 by eighty six *dessiatines.*

Protection against Combustion of Dresses.—A company is forming in London for introducing the newly invented process for preparing muslin in such a manner that if put into the fire it will not take flame, but merely be reduced gradually to coal. The process does not affect the finest colors. It is applicable to every substance, from the canvass of a ship of war to the finest lace, for the curtains of beds, the furniture of rooms, the coverings of sofas, and all those materials which often cause conflagration. It also perverts the attacks of mildews. Papers subjected to great heat only carbonize, and leave the writing or the numbers and value of bank notes legible.

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june 9

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